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THE
MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,
A TALE.

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MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY HENRY SIDDONS,

AUTHOR OF VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

VOL. III.

Le donne antiche hanno mirabil cose
Fatto ne l'arme, e ne le sacre Muse;
E di lor opre belle, e gloriose
Gran lume in tutto il mondo si diffuse.
Arpalice, e Camilla son famose,
Perchè in battaglia erano esperte, ed use.
Safo, e Corinna, perchè furon dotte,
Splendono illustri, e mai non veggon notte.

Le donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun'arte, ove hanno posto cura;
E qualunque a l'istorie abbia avvertenza
Ne sente ancor la fama non obscura.
Se'l mondo n'è gran tempo stato senza,
Non però sempre il mal'influsso dura.
E forse ascosi han lor debiti onori
L'invidia, o il non saper degli scrittori.

ARIOSTO

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THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART V.

CHAPTER I.

Emma, one morning, appeared before me, beaming with all those smiles, which had, for a long time, quitted her radiant countenance. Delighted with a change as charming as it was unexpected, I solicited earnestly to be informed of the lucky occurrence to which I was to attribute so pleasing a metamorphosis. She delayed not a moment to acquaint me, that her cares were over, as her parents were, at length, at-

tentive to her supplications, and had released her from all apprehensions of being united to a man she detested. "I could never endure him," added she, "and if matters had been carried "to the last extremity, would have "flown to the utmost verge of the "earth to have avoided him. But come, "do not let us talk of him any more. "He will soon be gone, and then I "will try to be a better scholar than I "have been. I shall improve every "day in my French and Italian. I "intend to study very hard, and, by "*doubling* my lessons, I *may keep* my "thoughts from dwelling on . . . ."

I fixed my eye upon her, and she blushed scarlet deep. I gave her time to check herself, and to prevent me from hearing that, to which I could not have listened with honour. I had once before suffered so severely from a

slight

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slight violation of my integrity, that I formed the most steady resolution, not to expose myself again to such painful perceptions on any account. Emma herself appeared pleased that I had thus recalled her wandering imagination. She was one of the most artless young women I have ever known in the whole course of my life, though, at the same time, she was, assuredly, one of the most *sensible*. Beauty and idiotism are two very distinct qualities in the female composition, although such infinite pains are frequently taken to blend and confound them.

The serenity of the present scene was not long permitted to continue; the calm only foretold a storm. The behaviour of Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort every day grew more and more cool towards me: that of the good lady soon reached the very *freezing* point, and it

literally chilled me to look upon her. There is seldom a better criterion for the affairs of this world, than the manners of one of your *prudential* elderly ladies: in your prosperity they are *sunny;* as you decline, they grow *cloudy;* as you sink they are *rainy;* and when you are fallen they are *shady.* There was a liberal delicacy inherent in the character of Mainfort *himself,* which would have made him ashamed of changing his conduct towards any one, who had not merited an alteration by some ill-behaviour on their own part. I was now, however, too thorough a proficient in the theory of worldly knowledge, not to be convinced, that some material change was about to take place in the circumstances of this family. I began, after a very comfortable residence in it, to make up my mind to being once more rudely tost on

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on the rough ocean of life, and compelled to make future provisions for "the day which was to pass over my "head."

My own past life, added to the history my poor friend, Middleton, had related to me, reconciled me to all the events of Providence. I was, like him, under the sole care of that protecting power, which regards with an equal eye, the concussion of an Empire, or the spoliation of a bird's nest. I had conquered all the prejudices of pride, and considered that to live and die like an honest man was the *ultimatum* of existence; and that if this essential end was but fulfilled, it little imported how, when, or where, in what part of the globe, or in what capacity.

With these consolatory reflections I calmed the perplexity of my ideas, whenever they anticipated scenes of

future evil. Indeed all the *grand* calamities of life already seemed to have been *exhausted* on my head: I had, apparently, as little to *fear* as I had to *hope*. I was a friendless young man, who had seen a father reduced from the very height of birth, pride, and fortune, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth! I had been robbed, at an early age, of the endearing consolations, which result from fraternal friendship and affection. My first, my only love, had been violently torn from my heart, and to rend its fibres with more excruciating agonies, I had beheld her wedded to another!!! It is not to be imagined, that a man, who had encountered so many sad *realities*, could have either leisure or inclination to brood long over the *fancied ills of life*. However, the sentiments which inspired me may be laughed at as *utopian*, they were

nevertheless very sincere, and I am, even *now*, more than half inclined to abide by my former opinions.

Lawrence Wilmot daily found himself held in less respect by the Mainfort family. He was one of those who walk through life upon the stilts of other people's opinions: deprived of that assistance, he invariably dropped to the ground. His taste was now no longer consulted, his opinions were never asked, and his second-hand jests and repartees seldom occasioned a smile. Mrs. Mainfort attacked him with *hint* and *inuendo*: she would frequently insinuate, that mere money might fall to the lot of any one; but that no man had a right to feel at all proud simply on that account: that the *Athenians*, when *Lycurgus* made his celebrated *Pandects*, banished all money but *leather* from his *monarchy*: that virtue was all

all in all with these polite *Laconics*; that she was quite of the opinion of Homer, when he says "*effodiuntur opes* "*irritanenta malorum.*" Birth and titles, she added, gave a man a much more solid claim to the veneration of his fellow beings, as they could only be obtained by meritorious services, and would live in tables of brass, when, as Milton observes, "The cloud cap- "ped towers, the gorgeous palaces, So- "lomon's temple, and all which inha- "bits it, shall dissolve, and like the "basest fabric of a vision, leave not a "wreck behind it."

When Lawrence told her she had quoted from *Shakespear* not *Milton*, and was likewise very incorrect as to the words, she caught fire in a moment, telling him, if she had no *other* merit, she had been always allowed to be a correct scholar, and that many learned,

as

as well as noble friends, could bear testimony to the truth of her assertions: that he was not to think, because he had passed a few months among players, that he understood more about Shakespear than his neighbours; for all critics who had commented on that author, however they disagreed on EVERY OTHER point, were unanimous in opinion, that the *actors* never knew the author's meaning half so well as they did *themselves*: that for her part, she was certain that the "cloud capped towers," was in Milton's Paradise Lost, and advised Mr. Wilmot to *think* before he *spoke*, or else return to his former friends, with whom his absurdities might go down, which could never be the case with persons of a true classical judgement.

To this attack Lawrence rejoined so very tartly, that a long altercation took

 place,

place, and I made a pretence of quitting the room, for fear that I should have been chosen umpire between them; a circumstance which would have proved extremely awkward and distressing to me.

These disputes daily ran so high, that they at length terminated in an open rupture, and the young gentleman, to the satisfaction of all parties concerned, quitted the house in a complete rage; swearing the whole world should not tempt him to be at all related to any woman who could not tell Milton from Shakespear. She, on her part, vowed that no man should ever have the honour of calling her mother-in-law, who had the ignorance and ill manners to call her literary abilities in question; offering, at the same time, to submit the case to a dozen Dukes, four Earls, seven Countesses, and ten Right Honorables.

Mr.

Mr. Mainfort was very glad to see his house thus cleared of a person whom he had never liked, and his daughter, Emma, was in perfect raptures on the occasion. I must confess, that I was very far from being so sanguine. Allurements of *interest*, and those of a very strong nature too, had introduced young Wilmot to this connection. The conversion of Mrs. Mainfort had been so *sudden*, that I could not help strongly suspecting her of some *concealed* motives for the conduct she had thus precipitately adopted.

CHAPTER II.

A VERY short space of time fully proved, that the suspicions I had entertained were not without foundation. A minister who is about to resign, ought to take his first hint from the atmosphere of the court, and not wait till a biting frost tells forcibly that his time is come. Lawrence Wilmot had more prudence than the generality of great men; he resolved to save his credit, and have, at least, the satisfaction of going off in *a bounce*; a vast comfort to many gentlemen who are, what is vulgarly termed, *turned out*. But not to dwell on an illusion which may not be pleasing

ing to the feelings of various celebrated personages, I shall simply state, that Wilmot, perceiving it was Mrs. Mainfort's intention to get rid of him, resolved, at least, to have the *start* of her, and therefore earnestly requested, that every thing which had formerly passed between himself and that family might now be considered as at an end.

Though this was the precise point which the lady had been labouring to bring him to, she was extremely piqued at his having thus *forestalled* her. This mortification she could by no means keep to herself. She broke out into reflections, which convinced her opponent that she had lost her temper; and, as this was what he most earnestly desired to effect, he enjoyed a share of satisfaction, even in his defeat. Indeed there were very few circumstances which could long mortify this young gentleman;

gentleman ; Nature had done all in *her* power to prevent him from falling into the error of *Narcissus* ; yet was he upon such admirable terms with himself, that he found a friend in his own heart which gave the lie to his looking-glass. He left the father and mother of his *ci-devant* mistress, therefore, with the most consummate *sang froid*, fully convinced that, as soon as it should be known he was disengaged, the whole sex would be in a state of *warfare*, to decide who was to be the happy female destined to fill up that space in his bosom which Emma Mainfort had left vacant.

When he was gone, the lady of the house declared that she was glad to be rid of such a *Diogenes* ; that she firmly believed him to be as ignorant as an *Aristippus*, and with no more philosophy than a mere *Pythagorean*. Emma was

all

all life and spirits at the secession of this disagreeable young man; and, as she knew how very sincerely I was a well-wisher to David Middleton, was much surprised to find me no sharer in her extasies. I, however, had been taught, by a very good tutor, not to be over sanguine in giving credit to the promises of fortune. The conduct of Mainfort himself gave me some reason for applauding my own caution. I cannot exactly say he ever treated me with coldness; but he had of late appeared peculiarly reserved. He no longer told his long stories with his accustomed glee: in short, he appeared to be labouring under those painful vibrations of thoughtful anxiety, which agitate the feelings of a man who wishes to get rid of an old acquaintance, and yet knows not how to set about it with consistency. Some men and women are as

summary

summary as the First Consul of France in these circumstances, and cut off an old friend with as much cool fortitude, as he would decapitate any one who dared have an opinion of their own. Others, in whose bosoms the worm of conscience is not quite extinct, seek for some *plausible* occasion for a quarrel, and get rid of the business with as much *decency as possible*.

Mainfort had some portion of that rare commodity called *delicacy* in his composition, a commodity which rendered the present state of his ideas far from agreeable. Had my *purse* kept pace with my *pride*, I should, most assuredly, have freed Mr. Mainfort from every anxiety on my account; but, from the very trifling pittance I had been lately in the habit of receiving, it could not be supposed that money was a plentiful article with me. I had involved myself,

self, likewise, by my friendship for Middleton. I determined, therefore, to await my destiny, whatever it might prove, with patient resignation.

As ill news travels with expedition, I was not long kept in suspense upon this head. Emma, her mother, and her father, were frequently closeted together, and I could hear them loud and vehement in their expostulations. Her eyes were generally suffused in tears after these consultations. As I made it a maxim not to pry into the secrets of the family, I never once inquired into the cause of this fresh affliction. I held myself ready to act the part of a sincere friend, whenever she might think fit to unburthen herself to me: the character of a *busy-body* I was rigidly determined to *avoid*. From Mrs. Mainfort I at length obtained an explanation. She informed me, in her own elegant stile, that

that she had intirely changed her ideas with regard to her daughter Emma. That on reconsidering the pretensions of young Wilmot, she was quite shocked at her own *former* want of taste; that, in point of taste, he was a perfect *Cartesian;* but that the man she had *now* selected was a *real demagogue,* and could prove a lineal descent from some of the most noble families in England. She begged me to give her my candid opinion of the *idiom* she had just expounded, and begged me to deliver it with a *Carthaginian sincerity.*

I replied, that the promise she exacted from me must be a vague one, unless she condescended previously to inform me of the name and character of the fortunate personage who was to be the happy successor to Mr. Wilmot. After some pause, she complied with the broad hint I had thrown out, and,

bridling

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

bridling herself up two or three times, informed me, with a simper on her countenance, that I must not be at all surprised, if I, one day or other, saw my pupil riding in a coach with a *coronet* upon it: a circumstance which, she owned, she contemplated with great pleasure, as several ladies had lately claimed precedence of her daughter, though she flattered herself, that the child of Tarquinia Mainfort had a right to look quite as high as an *epithalamium* with an Earl of Rothvale.

The title of Rothvale had been so often dinned in my ear in former times, that I could not easily forget it. I repeated the title almost involuntarily. "Nay," added she, "I do not mean "to tell you, that he is *now*, at this *very* "*moment*, the Earl of Rothvale; but "he soon *must* be. His brother is a

"childless, infirm old man, and Mr.
"Blazon is his next heir."

"Mr. Blazon! good Heavens!!"

"Aye! aye! I guess the cause of
"your surprise: you have heard of his
"having been engaged in business at
"Tobago; but, *justum et tenacem pro-*
"*positi virum*, as Virgil says, will con-
"sider what a man *is*, not what he
"*was*; he will take him in the *future*,
"not in the *preterpluperfect tense*:
"for *Mæcenas ætavis edite regibus.*
"Mecenas was born of noble ances-
"tors, and nobody cared about his em-
"ployment in the court of MARC AN-
"THONY."

I was too much absorbed in my own meditations, to be capable of paying any attention to this learned harangue, and could only reply by a respectful nod of assent; a mode of answering more agreeable

agreeable to her feelings, than if I had made her the most laboured response: like her husband, she would have preferred a dumb auditor to the most eloquent person in the world. It may easily be supposed, that the name of Blazon awakened sensations in my heart not of the most tranquil nature. The recollection of what had passed; my knowledge of his character; our distantly relative situation; all tended to create ideas of a peculiar kind. I was convinced, by experience, that he was a man who never allowed the tie of honour, or the call of conscience, to restrain him in any one pursuit where he imagined his interests or his pleasures were concerned. He was one of those who considered not good faith towards *women* as included in the code of honesty.

Such was the character of the man, to

to whom the generous, the candid Emma Mainfort, was now about to be sacrificed. I saw that many circumstances concurred in impressing the mother in favour of this man: his fortune, his connections, and above all, his expectation of a *title*. Mainfort, himself, committed the whole management of his girl to his wife. In fact, while he was but allowed to tell long stories, and talk for five hours together on the state of the army, the navy, &c. &c. it was a matter of indifference to him how his domestic concerns were arranged. I thought it a point of conscience, however, to inform them all I knew of the general character of Blazon.

I took the earliest opportunity, therefore, of being candid and explicit with Mr. Mainfort. The honour of a soldier was instantaneously awakened in his bosom,

bosom, and after expressing his abhorrence at the libertine character I had delineated, declared his intention of informing his wife of every circumstance. I had, very shortly afterwards, good reason to know that he had kept his word. She changed her conduct towards me on a sudden, and began to be almost *rude* in her insinuations. I could not, at first, clearly understand her drift, as she was so very *classical* in her allusions. A most devouring melancholy instantly seized the heart of Emma, when she discovered that the removal of Wilmot had no effect in her favour, and that she was merely reduced to the sad necessity of *changing* her persecutor, and was still destined to be the victim of the avarice and ambition of other people. Books, poetry, and the study of the languages, soon lost their power of diverting her.

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The master and mistress of the house daily grew more cold to me, and I could plainly perceive, that my sincerity in giving my opinion of Mr. Blazon's character, had met with the common reward of daring honesty. I had relieved my own mind, however, by the performance of what I considered a very serious duty, and though misery and poverty stared me in the face, I never, for one half moment, repented of the conduct I had adopted. Of the consolations of an approving conscience I now stood in the greatest need; for misfortunes were pouring fast upon me. My money ran very low, and the man to whom I had bound myself for Middleton's debt began to be extremely importunate. I was both hurt and surprised at hearing nothing from David. I wrote him a very angry letter, which I dispatched to the place of his retirement;

ment; but not one word did I receive in answer to my epistle.

Emma, with tearful eyes and the most extreme agitation, informed me, that Mr. Blazon was expected at her father's house in a fortnight: a circumstance which gave me much uneasiness, as I was convinced, that after what had passed between us, our meeting must inevitably be a very awkward one. Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort, about this time, were invited to pass a week at the house of a relation at Glasgow: they accepted the offer, and carried Emma away with them in a post-chaise. She kissed her hand to me in a most expressive manner as it drove from the door: her father and mother coldly bowed their heads. The carriage rolled away, and the moment it disappeared, one of the servants, who had been ordered to remain behind, put the follow-

ing note into my hand. "Mr. Main-
"fort's compliments wait on Mr.
"Mowbray, returns him many thanks
"for the services he has rendered his
"family. Understanding that some
"disagreeable occurrences have for-
"merly taken place between Mr.
"Mowbray and Mr. Blazon, Mr. M.
"presumes, that a meeting at his house
"would be painful to *both* parties.
"The enclosed, it is hoped, will settle
"all accounts. As Mr. M. does not
"expect to have the honour of seeing
"Mr. Mowbray on his return, added
"to his own, he begs to present the
"good wishes of his wife and daugh-
"ter.

"*Edinburgh, Saturday.*"

The above note was quite sufficient to inform me, that the arts of Blazon had succeeded in driving me from my peaceful sanctuary. It was evident that

he had requested my removal from my present situation, and that Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort had taken their journey, because they were really ashamed to open the matter to me in *person*. I was convinced, that Emma was entirely ignorant of the whole affair. I was a little confounded for the first few moments; but, no sooner collected my scattered thoughts, than I determined to make a virtue of necessity. I sat down to write an answer to Mr. Mainfort, in which I thanked him for all his former favours, and assured him, that before my letter could reach him I should have vacated his house. A promise I faithfully kept; for I immediately packed up the few things I had, took a single room in the neighbourhood, to which I conveyed them, and laid my head upon my pillow, once more, a *wanderer* and an *outcast!!!*

CHAPTER III.

In the midst of all my distresses there was no one circumstance which so keenly harrowed up my feelings as the treatment I received from David Middleton. After having assisted him to the utmost of my ability, and far exceeding the bounds of prudence in his behalf, his ingratitude was a most severe shock to me, and aggravated my sense of my misfortunes by disgusting me with the world in general. Life seemed now a mere *blank*. The serenity of the sky appeared clouded, and though spring was just then beginning to unfold

fold her verdant treasures, I saw the luxurious blossoms (for the first time in my life) burst without pleasure, and heard the singing of the birds, unaccompanied with any sensation of delight. Nothing could have so strongly proved the dejection of my spirits, the desolation of my heart. This beautiful season of the year had always, hitherto, soothed, refreshed, and invigorated every dormant faculty of my soul. The mind must be torpid with unceasing care, which is not impressed with energy at the approach of the *returning spring*. What can be more charming, than to behold all nature starting into life? To observe the branch after the shower of April; to view every blossom enriched with liquid gems; to know that each drop tends to the expansion of the yet hidden leaf: to hear the grateful carol of the feathered

wanderers, who, after the chilling cold of winter (the winter fraught to them with hunger and with sorrow), warble grateful hymns to the chearing glow of the sun, and thank the glorious orb in a full chorus of gratitude!!! The very flies, dancing on his beam, give tokens of approaching vegetation, and the bee, quitting his wintery hive and humming gladly round the fresh enamelled wild heaths, proclaims that the season of sloth and idleness is past and gone!!! Ah! no! no! I cannot yet believe, that *sorrow alone* was ever capable of blighting such delicious pleasures! It was *ingratitude!* against *affliction*, the heart may collect itself, and find a thousand resources; but *ingratitude*, like the deadly tree of *Java*, poisons every springing bud that comes within its influence.

David Middleton had shed this nox-

ious drop into my cup of life; and the draught was almost too bitter to be swallowed. What was to become of me in my present forlorn, forsaken situation? I once made up my mind to apply to Mr. Durnsford for relief. My pride and delicacy immediately took the alarm, and crushed the idea in its birth. I had other motives, too, which I will not relate, least I should be thought too partial to myself, an imputation I would willingly avoid, did I well know how; for dear, dear *self*, will sometimes steal in, let a man do all he can.

Chi mette il piè su l' amorosa pania,
Cerchi ritrarlo, e non v'inveschi l' ale;
Che non è in somma Amor, se non insania
A giudicio de' savj universale.
E, se ben, come Orlando, ogn'un non smania
Suo furôr mostra a qualch' altro segnale.
E QUALE è di pazzia segno più espresso,
Che per altri voler perder se stesso?

Vari gli effetti son; ma la pazzia
E tutt'una però, che li fa uscire.
Gli è come una gran selva, ove la via
Conviene a forza, a chi vi va, fallire.
Chi sù, chi giù, chi quà, chi là travia.
Per concluder in sommæ io vi vo dire,
A chi in Amor s'invecchia, oltr'ogni pena
Si convengono i ceppi, e la catena.

Ben mi 'si potria dir, Frate tu vai
L'altrui mostrando, e non vedi il tuo fallo,
Io vi rispondo, che comprendo assai
Or, che di mente ho lucido intervallo:
Ed ho gran cura (e spero farlo omai)
Di riposarmi e d'uscir fuor di ballo;
Ma tosto far, come vorrei, no'l posso,
Che'l male è penetrato infin' a l'osso.

ARIOSTO.

He who is faultless in this respect must cast the first stone at me. The melancholy predicament in which I was at present placed, induced me to imagine that Fortune had now exhausted all her malice on my head. I summed up the long account of evils with which she had

had overwhelmed me, and, except *guilt*, I could scarcely find a single calamity which had been spared me.

It would be superfluous to recapitulate the multiplied misfortunes and afflictions I had endured in the space of a very few years. Whoever will trace my narrative from its commencement may perceive the chain of calamities which encumbered me from the very hour of my birth: he will view me reduced from the highest to the most humiliated station of life. Stripped by tyranny, folly, passion, and error, of every social, every natural tie. Oh! was not this enough? no! for, when I concluded Fate had done its worst, I was too hasty in my decisions. An evil yet remained behind, compared with which, all the calamities I had hitherto endured were "trifles light as air."

One morning, as I was taking a melancholy stroll, indulging in a thousand

gloomy thoughts, I was suddenly stopped by three ill-looking fellows. I need not, I cannot describe, the agonising horrors of my mind, when I discovered that I was no longer a free agent. I was *arrested.* Middleton had treacherously neglected the note in which I had joined him, and it had fallen into the hands of a man, most resolutely determined to make me answerable for his villainy.

Oh! subjects of Britain! ye, in whose generous bosoms the charter of liberty is dearer far than life itself, ye can judge of my sensations, when locked within the dreary precincts of a prison!! My gaoler was a man above the ordinary stamp of persons in his unpleasant cast of life: he treated me with respect, and seemed to be touched with my misfortunes. He was pleased to say, that he perceived somewhat in my manner and address, which plainly spoke the gen-

tleman by birth and education: for *such*, he said, he could not avoid feeling sentiments of compassion, as he had once himself known better days. Seeing me very dejected, he used many arguments to comfort and console me; amongst the rest, the following quotation:

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra, audentior ito.

Hackneyed as the sentence was, it convinced me that the person who made it must be *somewhat* exalted above a vulgar level.

I am neither the first, nor in the first hundred of those who have remarked that the Scotch are a very learned people; which may, in some measure, account for the hospitality and kindness which are the characteristics of that brave nation. Where the sciences enlighten and polish a kingdom, the inha-

bitants acquire a superiority over other communities, which, though endowed with *native virtues*, want those finishing graces which application to the study of the liberal arts are alone able to confer. This kind man, then, seeing the agitation of my mind and spirits, insisted on my living at his table, and sleeping in his house, which connected with the prison where I was confined. He offered me, also, many other advantages above my fellow wretches, with such unfeigned politeness and humanity, that I hardly knew any thing of captivity but its name. He told me, he always made it a point of conscience to allow gentlemen of education these privileges, as it afforded him pleasure to preserve them from the noxious society of the more profligate inmates of a prison.

There is no maxim more beautiful

or more true, than the one which demonstrates the justice of Providence, in proving that good sometimes comes out of evil. I had, in the first transports of my despair, imagined myself the most miserable of human beings. Solitude and reflection now enabled me to make a different estimate of things, and to acknowledge, that a great portion of the misery or happiness of this life, depended on a comparative estimation of our own lot with that of others. I was surrounded by a set of beings, who, wretched as I was, had every reason to envy my situation. Some of them were oppressed by the remembrance of crimes of the blackest dye: several others were waiting, in all the agonies of anxiety, for the dreadful hour, which was to decide, whether they were still to act, live, and think, or suddenly be numbered

bered with those who had before them paid the forfeit of their crimes; been

"Cut off, e'en in the blossom of their sins,
"Unhousel'd, unannointed, unanneal'd,
"No reck'ning made, but sent to their account
"With all their imperfections on their heads:
"O, horrible! O, horrible!——"

The mind, accustoming itself to observation, extended its contemplation still further. The prison, like the world, affords ample scope for the exercise of reason. The world was here before me in miniature; and the stories which I daily heard, although they sometimes saddened my heart and clouded my mind, yet prevented my own afflictions from driving me to the verge of desperation. Here was confined the fraudulent, and the honest debtor; the man who had ruined himself by dissipation, and the laborious mechanic,

chanic, whom unforeseen events had reduced to unexpected poverty.

The story of one man, in particular, much affected me. He was the son of a clergyman who had a large family to bring up. The boy was taken into the warehouse of an uncle. His diligence was exemplary: not an hour did he allow himself from the laborious fatigues of his business. He entered into no amusements; he indulged himself in no recreations. On the death of his father, he took home three brothers and as many sisters. By his economy and prudence he put them all into a mode of doing well in the world: the boys were put to respectable trades, and the girls were married to honest men. His uncle, charmed with his probity, left him a share in his business at his decease. The young fellow now married an

amiable

amiable maiden, to whom he had long been attached, but whom he had not married, wishing to sacrifice, and postpone his own felicities until he had provided for his helpless relations.

Hea en now appeared willing to reward him for all his filial piety, all his fraternal virtue. He was prosperous for a time: Fortune crowned his labours, and a little ruddy family eat their meal with cheerfulness at his frugal table. Content with his lot, he was happiest of the happy. His wife joined her exertions to his own, and he had sometimes a trifle to spare for the only luxury in which he was desirous of indulging himself, the luxury of relieving an indigent neighbour.

This scene of smiling tranquillity lasted for twelve or thirteen years. A relative of his wife's, at length, came from abroad. This man was specious,

artful,

artful, and insinuating. He was involved in heavy debts, but pretended that he had large estates in the Indies, and only waited for the return of ships, freighted with all the mercantile produce of the country. He affected an attachment of the strongest nature to the eldest boy of his sister, declaring his intentions of making the little William the heir to all he possessed. This diabolical wretch succeeded in all his designs, and was imagined by his deluded brother-in-law to be the first of friends, the most amiable of men. He was shortly after arrested for a considerable sum: the father of his intended heir became bound for him without a moment's hesitation. What is to ensue is too common in a bad world. This treacherous wretch suddenly absconded, and left the whole weight of

of the debt on the man whom he had thus injured, deceived, and abused.

"——Are there no stones in Heaven,
"But what serve for the Thunder?—Precious
"villain!"

The consequences are easy to be conceived. The deluded, generous martyr to confidence, beheld all his affairs in ruin, his hopes reversed, and his lovely children in danger of wanting a daily crust; or, if they obtained it from the open hand of charity, likely to have no other drink than their tears to accompany it. Under these accumulated horrors, his mind and spirits must have sunk, had they not been sustained by an object more dear to him than life itself; dear in the hours of happiness and prosperity, now doubly so in these trying moments. The hapless woman lost her senses on the flight of her brother. The events which had taken place would have

 been

been too much for a person of her nervous frame, under any circumstances; but that her own brother, a brother she had loved from infancy, and whose life she had been the means of saving, while he was an infant, by enfolding his flaming clothes in her own garments, when he had approached in infant sport too near their father's fire; that he should thus have deceived her husband, and plunged her little ones in beggary; the painful pressure of that horrid thought bore down her patience and her reason: she was raving.

The husband then collected all his energies. That the female should bow before the tempest, he thought was natural: he, himself, resolved to imitate the sturdy oak, which, when the storm roars around it, and the thunderbolt strikes at its time-worn trunk, may be shivered, but not bent by the stroke. Day after day

he sat by her bed-side, holding her fevered hand in his, and wiping away the tears which rolled down her cheeks, as her eyes were turned upon her little ones, with that vacancy which speaks to the heart more forcibly than the most sublime expression. His clothes were pawned to the last article. His merciless creditors (my heart almost fails me as I write the story of the wretch) deaf to his manly entreaties and appeals to nature in their bosoms, pursued him to the utmost. They tore him from the arms of his fevered wife, who shrieked and clasped him to her bosom as the ruffians entered his chamber. His affrighted little ones rent the air with cries. The stern ministers of cruelty still dragged their victim by the arm: the wife continued clinging to his neck, till he felt her cheek cold as it reclined on his own: then, oh Heavens! he felt her arms unlink, and saw that a convulsion fit

fit had put an end to all recollections, and, of course, to all her woes.

A momentary loss of thought enabled his followers to drag him out of the room. Memory returned not till he found himself in a prison. What his sufferings were, he alone could tell: distressed imagination shrinks from the task of delineating them. The wife had continued a maniac for years; a distant relative undertook the care of her; and his children, brought up in the hope of smiling years of happiness and prosperity, were dispersed into charity-schools, or compelled to enter as common sailors on board the men of war then fitting out. He then offered to give up all; to do any thing for his liberty; assuring his creditors that, if released, he would use every effort of industry to repay their kindness, by endeavouring to retrieve his fallen for-

tunes,

tunes, and that, if his labours proved successful, he would willingly pledge himself, not only to satisfy their demands upon him, but to make good even his deficiency concerning the interest of the money which they had lost, To this proposition very few of them would listen. Eager to get all their demand, they put it out of the power of their prisoner to exert himself so as to be able to repay them any portion of it.

The contemplation of this man's story made me wonder at the folly and the cruelty of those with whom he had to deal. It would be hard, indeed, thought I, if the knave, or villain, after leading a luxurious life at the expense of his honest creditors, were not compelled to do them justice for his invasion on their property. The drones of life are not to steal the honey of the labo-

rious

rious bees with impunity. But here the case is different. The long records of a well-spent life plead in favour of the object in question. No one could stand forth and accuse him of wanton extravagance in his happier days. He had not wasted the morning in idleness, or the night in dissipation. He had not decked out his wife with gewgaws, that she might rival the tawdry finery of half-bred ladies of quality. His children were attired with simplicity; but beyond the bounds of neatness their mother had never wished their ornaments to extend. Had his table been crowded with delicacies, to which his means or his hopes were then inadequate? Never. How then had he erred? Had he fallen into any of the vices or extravagancies before enumerated, he would perhaps have been pitied; but the feeling would have been mingled with a species of

contempt.

contempt. As it was, he had every right to the compassion of his creditors, to the commiseration of mankind in general.

No one could be more convinced of the beauty and utility of the laws of my native land than myself. It was ever my opinion, that they approach as near perfection as the frail circumstances of mortality will allow. In this particular instance, however, I own that I ever did, ever shall wish, that there could be some more distinction of objects, some more lenient mode of correction for the unfortunate debtor, than that which is inflicted upon the profligate and unthinking one. Time, that has brought so many difficult subjects to perfection, may, perhaps, one day or other, find some mode for the completion of this desirable end.

I had many conversations with the

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

worthy master of the prison on these subjects. He agreed with me, that there might be some instances where general rules might be altered for the better. The person whose story he had related to me, was only an instance out of many, of the impossibility of a total propriety in any community. He allowed that the behaviour of the creditors to the poor wretch had been savage in the extreme; but said, he was compelled in justice to add, that the instances of such severity were by no means common. It was necessary, he subjoined, that, in a commercial country like ours, the property of the trader should be defended, as much as possible, from the hostile incursions of the idle and the dishonest. Without some defence of this nature, the barriers of right and wrong would be broken

down, and no one could long be ensured of enjoying the honest fruits of the harvest he had been spending a long and laborious life to accumulate.

Mr. Paterson had travelled: he had seen many countries; but knew of none where the prisoner was treated, in general, with the humanity and lenity he was so sure to meet with in this. His *own* conduct to *me* was a forcible appeal, an appeal I could not resist. Yet, spite of all these assiduous attentions from this truly worthy character, my harrassed mind brooded for many, many long months, over its own mighty sorrows. I was gloomy, restless, and dissatisfied. David Middleton had destroyed all my confidence, and had thus deprived affliction of its greatest consolation.

One

One day a loud noise in the prison, below Paterson's room, excited my curiosity. Demanding the occasion of the bustle, I was informed that a young man was just then brought in for a robbery.

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CHAPTER IV.

THERE is a superstition in the human heart, which, if not properly directed, may influence all the rest of our lives. Early circumstances will, sometimes, impress these prejudices in our minds, till the feelings become habitual, and the mind, through life, is tinged with the pervading colour. The soul, once enthralled in this web, struggles like the fly, when caught in the snares of the designing spider. The truth of this observation has been confirmed in my own instance. A coincidence of circumstances have tended to fix that sensation

sation in my mind, which I feel it difficult to root out. Of this sensation let every one beware. Superstition, once encouraged, adds a needless and superfluous drop into the cup of life, already too replete with bitterness. My mind had been occupied with sad ideas, when I heard the noise in the prison, and the entrance of the governor tended to excite that melancholy feeling in my heart, which I have just been striving to delineate.

That humanity which the worthy man extended to every wretch who came under his jurisdiction, was not withheld from this unfortunate newcomer. I could observe that Paterson was extremely affected at the circumstances of his story, and, while relating ti, fixed his eyes upon me, with signs of the utmost perplexity and amazement. I could not help demanding of

him his reason for these extraordinary gesticulations. "Why, really, my "young friend," said he, "I am al- "most ashamed to *tell you*; but if you "*insist* on knowing the *truth*, why.... "I....I must do it as well as I can. "You must know, then, that the first "moment I saw this unhappy prisoner, "I discovered such a wonderful resem- "blance between him and yourself, "that I started from him with amaze- "ment. I could almost have taken "my oath that it had been *one*, and the "same person. Nothing but his voice "could have convinced me of my "error; and even *then*, I was scarcely "freed from my perplexity. You will "think it an ill compliment to be thus "confounded with a *robber*: yet, on "my honour, had you a brother liv- "ing....."

The word *brother* darted like light-

ning

ning through each nerve in my brain. I trembled like an aspen-leaf. I knew that, from our birth, the likeness betwixt Gustavus and myself had ever been accounted wonderful. "Mighty "Heaven!" cried I, in agony of doubt, terror, and suspense, "Am I, can I "*yet* be reserved for such unheard of "horrors?"

Mr. Paterson was alarmed. He inquired into the reason of my agitation. I made him acquainted with my fears. He paused a moment; then, begging me to compose my agitated spirits, assured me he would endeavour to ascertain the truth or falsehood of a circumstance, in which my honour and my happiness appeared to be so deeply interested. To suspect that Gustavus could be guilty of a robbery, seemed almost to arraign the purity of Heaven: yet, his long, his mysterious absence,

the distress and poverty he had most probably experienced during that time; all these were considerations of a shocking, an alarming nature. Poverty had made *sad havock* with the family of the Landfords! And where Want lays her cold hand, it requires more than common energy to support the lofty feelings of a noble spirit. Yet, again, when I called to mind the more than haughty principles which had ever characterised the mind and influenced the conduct of my brother, I banished every apprehension of this alarming nature, and was irritated with myself for the injustice I had done him.

Whilst these conflicting doubts and fears were ravaging my mind, Mr. Paterson returned to me. His air was sad, his brow was cloudy and dejected. When I eagerly demanded what news he brought, he bade me be composed,

THE THEODORE ...

and summon all my fortitude, as he had now some reason to fear, that the newly-arrived criminal was *the very person I had suspected.* I trembled so excessively, and such a dizziness came over me, that he insisted on my swallowing a large goblet of water. When I was sufficiently recovered from my tremor to be able to attend to him, he informed me that he had just left the unhappy prisoner, who was, he said, in the most deplorable state of mind. The poverty of his dress and appearance, had, at first, led him to hope, that he was some coarse rustic, and, that the strong similarity between him and myself must have been the mere effect of chance, but that, on hearing him speak, every doubt had vanished, the resemblance of our modes of conversation, being as surprising as the exact conformity of our figures and persons; and,

to conclude, he was now convinced, that, if I *had* a *twin-brother*, this, most assuredly, must be the man.

I was yet willing to hope that we might both be mistaken. My heart yearned to behold the long-absent Gustavus. To have met him clothed in rags, and sinking under honest penury, would now have been the first delight of my soul, and, thus attired, I could have hugged him to my bosom before *attesting worlds*. But a robber! . . . . . a . . . . The son of the once proud Landford reduced to such a state as this!!! Mighty Heaven! What is there of constancy or stability in this world? A few moments convinced me, that the arguments which held me from flying into the arms of my unhappy brother, and offering him consolation in his tremendous affliction, were founded all in fallacy and selfish pride. Had

he

MISSING PAGES ARE 59 TO 62, IN BOOK

" the worst of all disgraces,—*Public* " *death.* Prepare yourself to view me " standing at the ever-just tribunal of " my country, arraigned.... for.... for.... ..... oh God !"

My blood curdled as he proceeded. " If you indulge the least idea that my " prosecutor is ever to be softened, you " deceive yourself: he will pursue me " to the last. When I was taken, he " (I know not *why*) exulted with the " most ferocious joy. I could not " speak, I could not answer him; but " he swore that I should not escape " his power *for worlds.*"

I asked his prosecutor's name.

" Blazon," replied Gustavus.

Hope, *indeed*, died within *my* bosom at that sound. I had flattered myself that my prayers and my tears might have been of some avail with the accuser: but now, should Mr. Blazon, by

any

any means, learn that his victim was connected with me, (and know it he must) it would only tend to fill his rancorous heart with double malice. All we had to do, then, was to endeavour to summon up our fortitude, and wait with patience for the issue of these disastrous circumstances.

The humane Mr. Paterson was so good as to consent to leave us alone. I had great difficulty in appeasing the tempestuous passions of the unhappy prisoner: his reason was on the waver, and he sometimes talked so wildly and incoherently, that I thought his senses would be gone for ever. To fix his attention in some slight degree, I at length prevailed on him to enter a little on the subject of his adventures since our separation. What he then related to me was so broken and interrupted, that it was not till a long time after-

wards

wards that I was able to reduce it to any thing like consistence or form. By blending it with the narrative of Sir George Sendon, I at length gave it its present appearance. Lapse of time must plead an excuse for all its incoherencies; and, to avoid confusion, I shall give the following abridgment of the tale he related, as nearly as possible in his own words.

CHAP.

THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

PART VI.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF GUSTAVUS.

When the image of Colonel Raynall, my first friend, my earliest benefactor, is brought back to my mind, my sufferings are almost more than I can endure. That generous man has been my constant, my unwearied protector, from the first dawn of my life. Observing the partiality shewn to you by our parents, I became the child of his care, the son of his affections. He was not, however,

however, acquainted with the place of my retreat when I *first* quitted our paternal roof. The life of a soldier was always in my eyes the most honourable, the most delightful. I hope I did not disgrace the noble profession I then adopted.

The image of Juliana Sendon filled my whole heart, for I had loved her from the moment I could define the meaning of the passion. I would have willingly laid down my life, my happiness, every thing but my honour, to have secured her mine. When I returned home, after my first absence, I found that all had been thrown into confusion on *your account*. The once-favoured Mowbray was now under the same cloud which had formerly obscured the happiness of the unfortunate Gustavus. If you remember, you had suddenly left the house, before an in-

terview

terview could take place between us; or you might, 'ere this, have known my *real* heart and character. All my efforts to trace the place of your concealment were vain and fruitless. I sought you out for several days, without the least success. I would have sacrificed all: not to *your interest*; no! let me not boast of virtue to which I have no pretension—but to my own *conscience.* Yet still let me aver, that what I would have done was no *mean effort.*

The property I was offered was mere dross, dirt I would have spurned beneath my feet, as I would have done an enemy, who held out insulting *bribes* to make me forfeit my duty: but I had also the means of securing to myself a woman, on whom my fond affections hung with *rapture*, with *idolatry.* Remember, Mowbray, remem-

ber your *own Adelaide*.—Then, thinking on what I resolved to do for your sake, strike your hand upon your heart, and let that heart be your judge, whether I had any merit in my victory. Juliana loved me: yes, proudly to *you* may I avow it, she loved me tenderly. Let those whose bosoms glow with *guilty* flames smother their fires from human sight! Yet this celestial hope did I resolve to stifle in its birth. I would not have purchased Paradise at the expense of a brother's happiness. It was urged, that we had never lived on cordial terms. That made my duty more religious. What a wretch must I have seemed, even in Juliana's eyes, could I have taken a mean advantage of *your* falling fortunes, or the anger of your friends, to raise my *own*! To part with her I loved was to wrench my heart by its fibre of most exquisite sensation; but

but honour, now, had no *alternative*. I knew, that to reason with my father or the good Colonel Raynall, would be in vain: the fondest affections of both were now bent on seeing me the son-in-law of Sir George Sendon.

To avoid their importunities, and faithfully discharge my duty to you, I was compelled, once more, to withdraw myself in secret from my father's house. I had no money, but I had health in all its lustihood. I applied, therefore, to a Captain who had known me formerly. He had a large ship which traded to Russia, and promised to forward my fortunes if I would attach myself to him. He was a good, open, generous hearted man, and, save my honoured Colonel Raynall, loved me better than any human being in the world. With him I made several voyages, and under his auspices began to

accumulate

accumulate a sum of money. It was a trifle, I own: but to him, who makes his wants merely those of nature, a little is a fortune. Returning from a prosperous voyage, however, a storm overtook us. The sea raged; the waves ran mountain high; a dreadful darkness came on the sky, and we could not see each other, or how to manage the ship. Groans were heard in every quarter. A flash of blue lightning sometimes gave us a momentary glimpse, but only exaggerated our despair, by displaying the storm in all its aggravated horrors. On a sudden we felt a shock like an earthquake. A violent crack ensued, and I felt myself washed overboard. A wave had dashed me on a rock with four more wretches. The worthy Captain and the rest of the crew perished in the vessel: myself, and the remaining companions of my toil, were received

cieved by some poor fishermen, and directed to the nearest town, from whence we travelled on to Hull, and there were compelled to separate. My comrades being in much dread of a press-gang.

I do not blush to own, that after several days hard travel, I was compelled to part even with my clothes. I assumed the dress of a rustic, and, inquiring for work, was hired by a farmer at a little town in Yorkshire. I have followed the plough, and the oak of the forest has felt the nerve of my arm. My days were laborious, but the rest which came at night was a rich reward for all my fatigues. Sleep shut out memory: but it did not always shut out Juliana. Oh, days of innocence! days of peace! days now for ever fled! The prai es of a commander in the heat of action have given a more turbulent, but not

more steady pleasure! How much more delightful to plant than to destroy, to rear a forest than to hew down ranks of fellow men!

The farmer with whom I was engaged had all the rough, downright honesty of an English yeoman. From a neglect of his parents, however, the poor fellow could hardly read or write; and, in consequence of these defects, the principal care of his concerns, shortly after my arrival, devolved on me. His confidence, which he reposed in me, was unbounded. The neighbourhood of Osborne's Farm was pestered with one of those petty tyrants who are a disgrace to human nature in the mass, and to the *generality* of British landlords, who are conspicuous, above those of other countries, in doing all in their power to render those beneath them comfortable and happy.

This

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA ... MAHAL

This man, for the period that I resided with farmer Osborne, was in the constant habit of perplexing and distressing him with ceaseless demands and never-ending depredations. As I knew something of the constitution of my country, I at length persuaded him to have recourse to legal means. The very mention of the word LAW made the worthy man turn pale. He had, he said, *heard* so much about lawyers and law-suits, that if any man was to step up to him and lay claim to the coat on his own back, he would rather acknowledge his right to it, than run the hazard of its being made a point of *litigation.*

In this respect I had the good fortune to alter his determination. I soon convinced him that, though there might be some *few* who had brought an unjust disgrace on a very honourable profes-

sion, nothing could be more *illiberal*, *common-place*, or *absurd*, than the indiscriminate censure which every pert *would-be* witling spatters out against the practice of the law. I convinced him, that *England* was eminently happy above her neighbours in this particular: that justice was open to all, and that the meanest individual in the kingdom could not be oppressed by the most powerful, if he had but spirit to bring his cause before twelve of his equals: that we were conspicuously blessed with a Sovereign who ever wished this spirit to be encouraged, and among the proudest of his *titles* reckoned the heart-cheering name of the *poor man's friend*: that many a scoundrel escaped the justice of his country by the arguments he had adopted: that while a set of men imagined that no one would run the risk of prosecuting them for their misde-

meanors, we could have no peace upon earth; but if they once perceived a generous confidence in the laws of our country, their depredations would soon be at an end; and that, till that was the case, we must not blame either *lawyers* or the *laws*, for those errors which originate in *ourselves*.

Induced by these arguments, and irritated at the *extortions* which had been practised against him, he at length consented to try the experiment which I had proposed to his consideration; and, as the nature of the cause required that it should be tried in London, he begged me to take the management of it upon myself, as he was totally ignorant of the whole mode of conducting such a process. I had now so abstracted myself from towns and cities, and was become so very a lover of rural life, that, save my ardent love for Juliana Sendon, not

one single trait of my former self remained to distinguish me. Labour and a broiling sun had lately so much altered my countenance, that I trusted my ploughman's habit would, after so long an absence, completely hide my person, even should I chance to encounter any one who had formerly known me; an event by no means probable.

I arrived in London, and made the case known to a man of great and deserved eminence. He confirmed my own opinion, and I wrote word to Osborne, that all was going on excellently well. Our adversary made a long stand, and detained me a tedious time in London. His pertinacity only tended to involve himself in greater expenses; for, as I had predicted, the omnipotent justice of the laws of our country prevailed over *rapacity* and *extortion*: and, without encouraging strife or litigation,

may *they* ever meet with firmness and with *opposition!!!*

I was on the point of immediately returning into Yorkshire; but was detained by a circumstance that——Oh Mowbray! Mowbray! arm your heart and mind with *fortitude;* for what I have to relate will put them to the most rending trial.

CHAPTER II.

The Narrative of Gustavus, continued.

I KNOW we both inherit a portion of our father's pride: just Heaven, to humble us, has laid his heavy hand upon us all. One day I was hurrrying from the house of our lawyer, who resided, for the summer, at the beautiful village of Hampstead; I had to pass a spot which is called Chalk Farm; the day was lovely, the prospect around me was cheerful, and the golden sun, in all his glory, vivified each circumjacent object. Exhausted, on a bank by the road side,

side, lay a venerable old man. His locks were silver and hung over his face: his dress was poor; but there was something in his whole contour of figure which gave him an air superior to the vulgar. He seemed feeble and exhausted. I had not much that I could call my *own*; yet, poor as the pittance was, I instantly determined to relieve him from my little store. I approached him; I addressed him. He lifted up his head. Mighty Heaven! it was our *father*!—our *father* Mowbray! Few years had caused this mighty change, had reduced him from all his former grandeur to his present wretched state. He knew me not at first. The word *father*, which, I gently pronounced, awoke him from his trance, and then he fell upon my neck and wept like an infant. *I* could not shed a *tear*; all

was swelling in my heart; it felt too big for my bosom!

Mowbray! nature has already traced the sad scene upon your heart! you can conceive it: I read in your countenance that you *can conceive* it all; all the pangs, all the agonies, which at that sad moment wrenched and convulsed my bosom. Oh, Power Supreme! in all the stores of evil that thou reservest to punish the crimes of erring man, hast thou a pang more keen than that which lacerates the bosom of a child when a *parent* lies before him perishing for want? I kissed his parched and fevered lips a thousand, thousand times, I strained him hard to my bosom, with all the energetic agonies of affection. Shame, at first, flushed his cheek, at the remembrance of his fallen state since last we parted in anger. I raised him up, and

kissed

kissed his damp forehead, as I drew aside the grey locks that shadowed them, Oh, how we wept and groaned!

I slowly led him towards London. When arrived at my apartments, there I learned his melancholy history. After he broke off all connections with Sir George Sendon, his affairs rapidly declined, and a fatal ill-run at play compelled him to quit his native land. His inborn pride for a moment was gratified, at leaving a country where every passing object reminded him of his degradation; of the height from which he was fallen; where he must have beheld his family mansion, once the pride of his full heart, brought to the public hammer. Oh! my brother, long has our dear Father, an outcast and a fugitive, been roaming with a broken heart and discontented spirit through Italy, through France, and Germany; sub-

sisting on the few jewels, once our mother's, which he had preserved from the general wreck of his affairs: but though his posture shifted, the mind remained firm in its seat and accompanied him wherever he went, a never-dying scorpion.

Mowbray, *we* have been, in some degree, the distant authors of his sorrows. It appears that if, by *any means*, he could have united Sir George Sendon to himself by the ties of consanguinity, all this wide world of woe had been prevented. He has often *told* me so: not with *reproaches*; for, indeed, his pride and spirits are now completely fallen; but with a mournful quietude that has cut me to the quick. His means were exhausted by time, and he was reduced to the utmost want at Calais. His fatal itch for play was here, for the first time in the course of a long

life,

life, of some slight service to him. Herding with sharpers and gamesters, our once haughty father procured his subsistence, like those animals of prey, who hunt out life by the destruction of inferior animals. Often has he wandered lonely and dejected at the first peep of day, seen the eternal alchymist gild the white cliffs of Dover, and sent a burning sigh after the friends and blessings he had for ever left behind him.

An unfortunate circumstance, which happened not long ago, compelled him to return again to England. In a quarrel with one of his companions he was unlucky enough to receive the *lie*. The dignity of an insulted gentleman would not allow him to rest till he had demanded the most ample restitution for this insult. His antagonist was a young man of some education. He had inherited, likewise, a tolerable fortune

from his father, but his rage for play was so strong, that he never could be happy, except when he was handling the fatal dice-box. He had married a young woman who brought him a large fortune and a beautiful family. All these blessings he had lost in one fatal evening. His wife died of a broken heart, and his children were either taken into charity schools, or received into large families, on the footing of humble friends. He loathed his existence at the time our father met him at Calais, and wished some one to rob him of that life which was now become a burthen to himself. Such is the *equal* footing on which gamesters often oppose themselves against men, loving and beloved by their families, their friends, and their connections: who, perhaps, depend on them for the means of *life* itself. This luckless son of dissipation fell at the first

fire.

fire. Poor wretched man! but, oh more! .... much more, wretched father!

Hunted by shame, guilt, justice, poverty, and wounded pride, he had no resource but to return to his native land. When he beheld the fertile fields of England, his wounds all bled anew. Like a fallen angel he cast his eyes around him, and mourned the Paradise which he had lost. His means were now reduced to nothing. He journeyed on foot from Dover to London. He hid his head in a wretched habitation there, and was compelled to part with the last of his trinkets, a little miniature of our mother set in gold and pearls. With the produce of these he once more resolved to try his fortune at the fatal gaming-table. All was lost: and after this, Mowbray, his sufferings have been most intolerable. I will spare your heart those pangs which the

dreadful recital would inevitably give it. He has even wanted *bread*.

Supreme Disposer of Events! what was my horror, my distraction, when I heard of the extremity to which the author of my existence had been reduced! He had rambled forth, cheered by the beauty of the morning, unconscious of what he was doing or whither he was going. Providence guided my steps that way, and I found him as I have described him to you. In my poor apartment I did all in my power to revive his spirits and restore his strength. I succeeded, as far as related to his *corporeal* functions; but he had a wound in his heart and brain, which bade defiance to all hope of cure: sorrow and remorse had made his bosom one vast wilderness. The remembrance of follies past poisoned each source of joy. *Blood*, too, hung upon his conscience!

science! human blood! He could not rest; or, if he snatched a few short moments of repose, it was that of a man in a high fever: and, during his dreams, my little chamber rung with his piercing shrieks. I will not agitate you by repeating all my efforts to compose his wounded spirit.

I wrote to Osborne, and informed him that I had succeeded in his cause beyond my warmest wishes; but must now give up my connections with him, as a solemn, a most sacred duty, called for my most vigilant and unremitted attentions. I received a kind answer, expressive of the most zealous acknowledgments for the exertions I had used: a small remembrance was likewise enclosed, which I should not have accepted at another time; but the wants of one far dearer than myself put pride, and all its haughty scruples, to imme-

diate

diate flight. No poor starving wretch ever lifted his dim eyes with greater thankfulness to a pitying benefactor, than I hailed this donation in my present *circumstances*. Yet this relief was merely a *temporary* one; it could not long keep want and famine from our door. I revolved a thousand projects in my mind, and yet not one expedient could I hit on, save the painful one of making our dreadfnl poverty known to the former acquaintance of the family, and asking for their charity and pity.

Nay, Mowbray, start not at the word CHARITY. Had we done so, what *crimes* had been avoided! Blinded by false pride, bewildered man wanders into all the toils of hell and darkness. Pride hardens the heart, till the ties of love, esteem, and family connections, are confounded in its chaos! Pride makes the sycophant more welcome

than

than the feeling, upright, honest man: it blinds the parent to the happiness of the child: it goads us on to run from honourable means of preservation, into such monstrous deeds, as make the angels in the judgment court of Heaven blush for man's madness and depravity! Pride brings me here a CRIMINAL—a—*No more, no more of that.*

Pride, then, urged us to reject such a mode of assistance, and resolve to die inch-meal, rather than be exposed to the cold remark, the unfeeling sneer, and the jeering comment of those who, in former days, would have thought themselves honoured in sitting at our father's table. One ray of hope, however, shot athwart my mind. I had one friend, whom I imagined I might *safely* trust with every thought which lived even in the most secret recesses of my heart. That friend was Colonel Raynall.

nall. I had never appealed to him in my exigencies, because I well knew his circumstances would hardly allow him to assist others without injustice to himself. I would not write to him, because I could not tolerate the idea of any accident arriving to my letter; and it was necessary for me to be so clear and explicit, that distant hints could not have answered my purpose. We undertook a weary pilgrimage, and arrived here a week ago. When we came, we were reduced to our last shilling. To increase our agitation and distress, we learned that Raynall had sold his house, had left Scotland, and no information could be gained concerning his present place of residence. A fever, partly occasioned by my anxieties, and partly the result of my bodily fatigues, now confined me three days to our miserable garret in the Old Town. During

ring that time we scarcely knew what it was to break our fast. And now comes the most horrible incident in our wretched fate. You have seen us in our necessity; you have seen the gaunt and hungry demon of famine scowling with hideous glare upon us; you have beheld us reduced to the very brink of despair; but, till guilt, like a mildew, blasted the last blossoms of hope in our bosoms, we *ne'er* were *truly wretched.*

Imagine: collect together all the horrors of our dreadful situation. *Hunger!* famine! a father! a son! names dear, *most dear* to nature! form the picture for yourself, my brother. My hand trembles, my tongue faulters, my heart beats: how shall I conclude my tale? *Perfectly* I cannot do it. The burning glow of shame is on my cheek. Oh that it would, this very moment,

scorch

scorch this frame to ashes! The *crape!* the *pistol!* Imagine you see one of the house of Landford thus attired. Yes, thou eldest son of a proud family, imagine thou beholdest *that*, and then let fall thy haughty crest for ever, for ever, my brother!!!

The night was misty, the stars were few, and strangled in dark vapours that beheld the deed. Money was obtained; but honour, peace, and virtue were, from that guilty moment, sunk for ever. The bread thus earned was soaked with tears most bitter, tears of conscious shame and degradation. We mingled sobs and groans with the repast. Oh! how did we wish, that we had rather clasped each other by the hand, till want had worn us to fleshless skeletons, than have purchased life at *such a price!* Oh! how did our wretched father rend his silvered hairs, how shriek, how loudly

sob with anguish, when the messengers of justice entered our chamber, and bore me to this place of shame. He fainted on the miserable bed, from which he never since has risen. Continual fits have weakened his exhausted frame, and . . . . I cannot finish the picture!

Oh, Mowbray! contrive, endeavour to fly and comfort him. Recollect that thou wert once the pride of his soul, the glory of his heart: had either of us complied with his wishes, he had been shielded from the anguish he has since felt by the powerful influence of Sir George Sendon. Alas! thought *now* comes *too late*: fear not for *me*: my hopes are drawing towards a close; my sorrows soon will have an end. The child of toil and of hardship from my earliest infancy, I can submit to fate without a murmur: but, oh! dear un-

happy

happy Juliana! what will be thy feelings, when the disgrace of thy once-loved Gustavus shall be known to thee?

Mowbray, my brother, now at last my *friend!* one thing I solemnly entreat of thee: should the worst happen . . . . . I . . . I have a picture of the idol of my heart. I would fain carry it in this wretched bosom till my last moment; I would then entrust it to thy care. Convey it to my Juliana: tell her, that with my last gasping breath, I poured a blesssing on her head, and if she still can think upon so lost a wretch . . . But, ah! no: that is impossible! Yet, as she resembles angels in every *other* instance, she must be like them in their *pity!!!*

And now, Mowbray, I have brought my sad narration to a close; embrace, embrace me, brother of my heart! comfort

comfort our poor father, reconcile him to himself, and, if revolving years should ever bring a *change* of fortune, forget the shames that have been heaped upon your house; and, mourning the *misfortunes*, endeavour to throw a veil over the *errors* of Gustavus.

CHAPTER III.

THE foregoing account contains the leading circumstances of the melancholy recital my brother then gave me: the pen, however, cannot delineate the agonies and wild starts of passion which convulsed him in the delivery. His manner was so very incoherent, that I could hardly trace him through his story with any tolerable perspicuity. How to fly to the relief and comfort of my father was my first concern; but my grief was excessive, on finding, that, humane and truly compassionate as Mr. Paterson really was, this was an indulgence it was out

out of his power to allow me. To ease our sorrows, however, as much as possible, he kindly assured us, that he would, himself, wait on the unhappy old man, and administer every consolation to him which lay within the scope of his ability. Tears were all we had to pay him for his goodness, and these we shed in great profusion. He allowed me, likewise, the full liberty of spending my time with my afflicted brother. The mind of Gustavus grew more tranquil in consequence of my attentions, and when Mr. Paterson brought us word that he had seen our father, and finding him somewhat better, had sent the worthy Doctor G***t to attend him, our hearts grew somewhat lighter.

I could clearly perceive, that the idea of Juliana Sendon gave poor Gustavus greater pain than all his other

sorrows put together. Oh! what will Juliana think of me? he would often exclaim, as he wrung his hands in anguish. The opinion of all the world beside appeared of little value to him when compared with hers. For my own part, my heart literally sickened at the accumulation of horrors with which I was surrounded. For the sake of a father and brother I resolved to struggle on, though for myself *abstractedly* life was a mere blank. Fortune, love, even *honours*, were now no more. Gustavus had added the last calamity which could possibly befal a sinking family.

With regard to mere *confinement*, I must do Mr. Paterson the justice to own that he robbed it of half its bitterness. Could I have obtained my liberty, to have performed the pious duty of attending my father in his illness and afflictions, I could have almost drudged on

on through life in *torpid* grief. The opportunity I had of being of any service to Gustavus in his wretched situation, in some degree made me amends for the deprivation of liberty. To calm the agonies of mind in that miserable youth, was far from an easy task.

A few mornings after my first interview with my brother, Mr. Paterson informed us that a lady wished to speak to Mr. Mowbray. I wondered who it could possibly be. With a mind agitated, and a heart beating quick, I followed him to his little parlour, and there beheld a female, sitting in a melancholy posture, her face covered with a deep white veil. She gently raised it up as we approached, and I immediately recognised the features of Juliana Sendon. She spoke to me with the tenderness of a friend; but, from several

veral expressions she let fall, I discovered that the unhappy girl was labouring under an error, as she appeared to imagine that *I* was under confinement for the robbery; and, having heard as much, was come to assure me, that her father, from a change of circumstances, had now great influence with Mr. Blazon; and that both would do the utmost in their power, to soften the asperity of his temper, and prevail on him to drop the prosecution. This, she confessed, might be a task of some difficulty, as he appeared incensed against me to the uttermost, accused me of having conducted myself towards him with the greatest insolence and ingratitude, and seemed to feast with the highest delight upon the idea of making me the victim of *public justice.*

It seemed that Sir George was now in a marriage treaty with Mr. Blazon, having

having had a quarrel with Mr. Montaval, who had been so warmly smitten with the beauty of a fair widow he had seen by accident, that Sir George thought proper to resent his fickleness of temper, by breaking off all ideas of alliance with him, and entering into a treaty with Mr. Blazon. This unworthy libertine was, it seemed, paying his addresses to Miss Sendon and Miss Mainfort at the very same period: of course without the knowledge of the friends of either party.

It wounded me to the soul, to be compelled to the painful necessity of convincing Miss Sendon of the error under which she laboured; but the safety of my poor brother appeared immediately concerned, and every other idea necessarily gave way to that important consideration. I knew that Gustavus was the idol of her heart;

that for *his* sake, she would formerly have renounced the whole world, and followed him in beggary through the universe. What, then, would be her feelings, when she discovered that *he* was in reality the criminal, whose life lay in the power of the man whom chance had thus made his rival? I clearly perceived, that by some mystery which I could not penetrate, Mr. Blazon had made a mistake between Gustavus and myself; a circumstance our strong *resemblance* made extremely probable: but yet, as he had never offended him so deeply as I had done, I thought it indispensibly requisite, that he should know the *exact truth*.

Mr. Blazon was the person whom Gustavus had robbed, and, when brought before him, not being able from shame and despair to pronounce a single word, gave him reason to imagine he had now

that victim under his fangs, whom he was most desirous to destroy. It was, consequently, a painful duty on my part, to awaken poor Juliana from her *error*. When I had performed my task, no wretch, struck with unexpected lightnings, ever presented a more affecting picture of stupor and despair. She clasped her hands together, and raising her eyes to Heaven, fixed them in dumb agony, and stood a breathing statue of affliction. I had much difficulty in waking her from her trance. A long deep sob was the first symptom she exhibited of returning animation. At length a flood of tears relieved and set the imprisoned voice at liberty.

"I will see him," said she: "yes! "I *will* see him. Strive not to turn me "from my purpose: all arguments are "vain. God! thou knowest how "sincerely, how *purely* I have loved

"him! To him my *heart* was wed-
"ded, and I will treasure my first af-
"fections even in the *grave*. No force
"shall ever link me to another. In
"poverty, in sorrow, in *disgrace*, I
"here unite my soul to his. I will see
"him: yes, I *must* see him."

Paterson had known Juliana in her early youth, when in a higher sphere of life he had received some kindnesses at the hands of her father, and had often dandled the daughter on his knee. When she threw herself at his feet, therefore, and bathing them with her tears, implored him to give her admission to the prisoner, he felt himself unable to resist her pathetic eloquence of grief.

Had I the pen of a Yorick, I might be able to describe her gratitude; had I the pen of a M'Kenzie, I might be adequate to the delineation of the

mournful

mournful interview which then succeeded. Shame, love, and anguish, ravaged the bosom of my poor distracted brother. He was often on the verge of giving vent to his feelings, and easing his agonising heart, by the relief of speech; but every effort failed, and he fell sobbing on the stone bench in his prison. Tears from Gustavus, astonished, while they melted me. The tempest had battered with all its violence, and he had stood erect amid the storm; but the sight of Juliana put his fortitude to the test, and he wept like an infant. Although she came to bring him consolation, every effort was in vain, and an hysterical convulsion prevented her from giving vent to her emotions. From this dreary scene of sadness and distress, it was my province to awake them. Mr. Paterson informed Juliana, that he could not allow her to remain with the

prisoner any longer: and after many efforts we bore her away. She could not say *adieu* to the unhappy object of her strong affection. Words refused their aid; but her looks were mixed with tenderness and terror.

When we conveyed her to the apartments of Paterson she upbraided us with cruelty for tearing her from him, who, spite of her father and Blazon, was still the object of her affections, and wept, till she fell into strong and repeated hysterics. Where she lived we knew not: she had not given us the least information on this subject; so that we were totally at a loss how to convey the melancholy information to her father. Paterson, though surrounded by such scenes as sometimes tend to harden the human heart, was as compassionate a being as I have ever known in the whole course of my life. He committed

her

her to the care of his own housekeeper; and promised to obtain every requisite information concerning the present residence of Sir George Sendon.

Sad as was the condition of the poor girl, that of my unhappy brother, was still more pitiable. Torn a thousand ways by shame and love, the disgrace of having been seen in his present fallen state by the woman he adored, gave ten-fold agony to every reflection. For myself, my own private woes were swallowed up in the sufferings of those more dear to me. My father, as Paterson informed me, though somewhat better, was still unable to leave his room. That benevolent man did every thing to supply his present wants; but medical assistance is an alarming article in the catalogue of expenses, and I could hardly hope that he could long

afford to continue his aid. My own little property was already exhausted in procuring necessaries (unknown to him) for my brother.

Melancholy had now rendered us both almost callous. We sat for hours staring upon each other in gloomy silence; and in dumb eloquence seemed mutually to ask, how could all this world of misery have fallen upon us? In the midst of this dreary state of despondency, Paterson one day brought me a letter. My heart palpitated with unusual anxiety as I took it from his hand: but oh! what could equal my sensation, when, casting my eyes on the direction, I perceived the well-known hand of Adelaide? it was some time 'ere I could summon up fortitude to break the seal, for every nerve in my frame shook violently, and mists and darkening

darkening shadows swam before my eyes. At length however I perused the following letter.

"After two years of silence, you "will be surprised, once more, to hear "from me: but the death of the deser- "vedly-esteemed Mr. Durnsford hav- "ing restored me to my freedom, my "heart has regained its first rights, and "Mowbray Landford is acknowledg- "ed its legal possessor. I mourn the "fate of the respected being who is "now no more: he was just, humane; "he had every virtue. I am left heir- "ess to all he possessed. His will de- "clares, that had his son lived, * it "would have been otherwise; but as "it *is*, he feels that I have the *next* right "to inherit from him. I have, for

"some

* Look to the account of Durnsford's son in his history.

"some time, been seeking you out;
"and what was my affliction, when
"our affectionate old Barbara this
"morning traced you to a prison!
"Oh, my dear Mowbray, when you
"in rank and fortune were much above
"your Adelaide, your generous heart
"made no distinctions: do not, with
"the ungenerous prejudice of your sex,
"endeavour to destroy every sublimity
"of thought, every exertion of genero-
"sity in a *female*. My present wealth
"shall be employed in repairing the un-
"just wrongs which cruel fortune has
"lately heaped upon your worthy fami-
"ly. Pray tell your father, I now look
"forwards to his blessing with humi-
"lity. My lawyer will come with
"your release to-morrow.

"Ever your own,

"ADELAIDE."

P. S.

"P. S. The moment that I learned "you were in Edinburgh, I sat out. "The papers of Mr. Durnsford are in "my possession, and my worthy law-"yer, who has, likewise, some affairs "to settle in the North, accompanies "me. He has brought all my papers "for your inspection, and will have the "pleasure of waiting on you."

It was easy for me to divine what the heroic Adelaide meant by this epistle. Forgetful of the wrongs which had been heaped upon her head by my father—to save that father in the hour of distress, affliction, and calamity, she now appeared a shining meteor through the storm to guide him to his end, the haven of his days, in peace and comfort. Reflect on this, ye, who deny the energies of mind to women: ye, who prefer the dames of antiquity to the bright

bright ornaments of your own country; produce your Clelias, your Cornelias, your Portias, and all the ornaments of ancient story, and see if I have not produced one female of a British soil, who may proudly hold a level with their boasted virtues! Yes, my dear countrywomen, there are many such, many like my Adelaide!

Delightful as were my first visions on the reception of this cheering letter, my honour soon awaked me from my golden dream to sad realities. Could I, in delicacy, feeling, manly dignity, *could* I accept the proffered gift, and suffer myself and family to live dependent on the bounty of a generous female, who was thus ready to give up *all for me?* These scruples I communicated to Paterson: he reproved them as *ungenerous* on my part, and ungrateful to the Providence which had thus mercifully interposed

posed to save my father; perhaps, preserve my brother. He touched the chord most sensible to feeling in my frame; my father! my brother!—the thought of them determined me. It was not now a time for *pride*. I resolved, at all events, to allow my heroic Adelaide to release me from my confinement, that I might be at large to perform my duties to my suffering relatives, and leave the rest to time and her transcendent virtues.

The lawyer called early the next day, and settled the debt for which I had been arrested upon David Middleton's account; he also had directions to remunerate Mr. Paterson, for every expense he had been at with regard to my father, my brother, and myself. I have said before, the circumstance imperiously precluded the delicacy I should have felt at another time, and I was

was compelled to allow myself to be overpowered with the bounties which were showered upon my head. I ran to console the poor Gustavus with the good news which I had brought him; but he only grasped my hand, wished me prosperity, and bade me not allow my joys to be delayed on his account. He was, he said, now prepared to welcome death as the kindest friend; a friend that would relieve him from a thousand struggling doubts, which tore his breast with thoughts and agonies none could know but him who felt them. I cheared him to the best of my ability, and assured him, that I should still consider his prison as my *home*, and spend the best part of my time with him, till I saw him freed from every danger and from every difficulty. I next thanked Paterson for all his humanity to us, during our long residence in the prison.

He

He refused my acknowledgements; for men like Paterson, who feel sensations of real pleasure in the God-like faculties of doing good, find their retribution *within*—in that divine placidity, that repose of the conscience, which they, who pass their lives in idle pleasures, or in wanton oppressions, must never hope to feel, because they never have *deserved* them.

I begged he would immediately conduct me to my father; but he then informed me of a secret he had hitherto concealed, because he did not wish to *add* to our afflictions. My poor father had been so deranged by the horrors of his fate, that he had been *senseless* for several months, and had, by the care of Paterson, been removed to a small, but comfortable receptacle for lunatics. The blow was tremendous. I wept on the neck of Paterson, and begged him

to conduct me to the spot where my father was confined. It was a small comfortable place, about three miles from the town. The person who kept it was a very respectable physician, but he no sooner learned *who* I was, than he absolutely *insisted* on my not being admitted into the presence of his charge. He, at present, he said, entertained strong hopes of the recovery of his patient. Hopes that the sight of *me*, would most infallibly destroy: he begged, therefore, that if I persisted, my father might be instantly removed from under *his* care, and that I would take all *responsibility* on the subject upon *myself*. I need not say, that unwilling as I was, I was compelled to submit to reasons so cogent and so proper. Paterson and myself walked back to town, and I resolved every day to visit the same spot, that I might learn the

the progress of my father's cure. A resolution I most rigidly adhered to.

I had now another task to perform: a task which would once have been delightful to me as the paths to Paradise: but now the sweet sensation was mingled with a sense of shame, a melancholy pride. It was to wait on Adelaide, and thank her for her goodness. Our meeting was tender, but it was awful: past scenes were brought to our minds, and events recalled of the most various nature. We had both esteemed and venerated the character of Durnsford. She assured me, that to the last day of his life he had ever professed the greatest regard for me, and had thought that the rigid propriety of my conduct demanded the most ample, the most liberal return on his part. That duty, Mowbray, said she, he fullfilled, and did it like *himself*. She opened a

portfolio,

portfolio, where all the writings of Durnsford were contained, and took out a packet, on which was written:

"*To my dear Wife, but not to be opened till*
"*after my Death.*

"*Adelaide, I know* your virtues, and "in my will I have endeavoured to *re*"*ward* them: but that is not all; mo"ney, though an *essential*, is not the "grand *problem* of life. I have solved "it. Mowbray loves you; he *me*"*rits* you. So far from wishing you "not to marry him, it is my earnest re"quest that, as soon as the decent time "of mourning for your poor Durns"ford is expired, you will seek him "out; tell him, that to me you have "been the best of women and of "wives; that I know no other way "of repaying your exemplary conduct "to a man so much older than your"self, than that of rewarding you as

"one

"one whom I know has been dear to
"you from infancy: and this, so help
"me Heaven, is the most earnest, dy-
"ing prayer, of your poor

"J. DURNSFORD."

I would have started all my objections to the general spirit of this letter, but Adelaide, perceiving my intentions, took me by the hand, and, looking me earnestly in the face, with words, awful as the voice of virtue herself, thus addressed me:

"Many years have now elapsed "since Mowbray Landford was first "acquainted with her he called his "Adelaide. Since that period awful "changes have taken place; changes, "however hard on you and yours, as "*common* as the air we breathe, as "general as the objects of human nature. Providence is pleased to try us "with affliction *here*, that our minds

" may be abstracted from pleasures
" which would destroy our veneration
" for his wisdom, were we not waken-
" ed to a painful sense of their *uncer-*
" *tainty*. These reflections are trite, my
" friend; but the time, the circum-
" stances, demand that I should be se-
" rious. To afflict the fallen would be
" unworthy any one, but most unwor-
" thy myself, who have been chastened
" by the rod of suffering. Trust me,
" then, I say it as a *warning*, not as a
" *reproach*, when I repeat to you, that
" *pride* has made sad havoc with the
" peace and happiness of your noble
" family; for trace your evils to their
" *source*, and you will find them all
" originate in that unhappy failing.
" Do not, then, do not, my friend,
" add to the number of *their* errors in
" your *own* person. I am now arrived
" at a time of life, when *fiction* and
" *romance*

" *romance* are *past*, and I view objects
" through the steady medium of unper-
" verted reason. I am bound to you,
" by every tie of gratitude. In a mo-
" ment of the most imminent danger,
" you preserved my honour: you pre-
" served to me that peace of mind,
" which enabled me to perform my
" duty with chearful tranquillity to the
" deceased Mr. Durnsford. He *knew*
" this. He afterwards (as you find by
" his letter) was sensible of the unde-
" viating rectitude of your conduct in
" respect to me. You have his sanc-
" tion for our marriage. I need not
" blush to own, that, though time has
" made me love with *reason*, you are
" still the object of my friendship and
" esteem.

" Yet, great as this friendship and
" esteem may be, I would not, at my
" present period of life, have ventured

"on a *second marriage*, did not impe-
"rious necessity command it. No,
"Mowbray; I would have lived with
"you as with a friend, a brother: but
"that will not now suffice. To do
"justice to your unhappy father, it is
"*necessary* that you should have a *legal*
"*claim* to my fortune: by the aid of
"that, I hope, likewise, that you will
"be able to extricate the pious Gusta-
"vus; pious, even in his crime! for
"who could see a parent want? The
"subject is a delicate, an awful one.
"May God in mercy yet preserve him
"from the dangers that surround him!
"Be patient, Mowbray: hear me to
"to the end, and then reply. So help
"me, Heaven, my motives in this mar-
"riage are pure and holy! they are the
"preservation of a noble family: a fa-
"mily by me, from infancy, respected
"and revered. Should I otherwise as-

 "sist

"sist them, all the former tales of scan-
"dal, to my prejudice, will be revived;
"and, on the death of my husband, how
"would it appear to the world, to see
"his widow apparently lavishing her
"fortune on a man of your age, and
"in your present *circumstances!* Say,
"would it be consistent with that ex-
"ample it behoves us all to set the
"world? Oh, no! I know that, even
"on our *marriage*, many *sneers* on the
"mutability of *widows* may be urged
"against me: but those I *despise*. I
"am a *free agent*, have no one's inte-
"rest but my own to consult, *can*
"*wrong no children by a second mar-*
"*riage*, and have the conscious satis-
"faction, of knowing that, far from
"violating, I am strictly *complying*
"with the *wishes* of my departed
'Durnsford!

"Now, Mowbray, I have done.

 "The

"The hand and heart I offer you are
"pure. I wish you to weigh feeling
"for others against a selfish pride; the
"friendship and esteem of a long-tried
"woman, against the cold pleadings of
"a *solitary prejudice.*"

The generous, ingenuous candour which beamed in her eye, as she pronounced these last words, fixed my wavering resolutions. I cast myself at her feet, and loudly sobbed forth, "Ever-
"exalted Adelaide! in all things you
"are superior to your unworthy Mow-
"bray! to him who only wishes to be
"such as you may please *to make*
"*him.*"

Time had, it is true, somewhat changed the *complexion* of my passion for Adelaide. What was formerly all *rapture*, was softened now into a mild *esteem*, into an enthusiastic admiration of her virtues. I felt more like her *friend*

than

than her *lover;* but the phœnix of friendship, which soared from the embers of passion, took a flight more sublime than that of the parent bird. All I had before admired, my heart now *approved,* my judgment *confirmed.* Young men will smile at this description of my present state of mind; yet there may be some few souls who will comprehend my meaning; who will feel, that when virtue and propriety have regulated the life of a woman, her graces and attractions remain, when the roses and the lilies have deserted the cheeks of the attendants of card-tables and the parasites of drawing-rooms.

" ——Thus was beauty sent from heaven,
" The lovely ministress of truth and good
" In this dark world: for truth and good are one,
" And beauty dwells in them, and they in her,
" With like participation. Wherefore then,
" O sons of earth! would ye dissolve the tye?

 " O where-

" O wherefore, with a rash impetuous aim,
" Seek ye those flowery joys with which the hand
" Of lavish Fancy paints each flattering scene
" Where beauty seems to dwell, nor once enquire
" Where is the sanction of eternal truth,
" Or where the seal of undeceitful good,
" To save your search from folly! Wanting these,
" Lo! beauty withers in your void embrace,
" And with the glittering of an idiot's toy
" Did Fancy mock your vows———."

AKENSIDE

The foregoing lines always seemed to me applicable to the dear object of my love; but the verses that follow infinitely more so:

" ———And if the gracious power
" Who first awaken'd my untutor'd song,
" Will to my invocation breathe anew
" The tuneful spirit, then, through all our paths,
" Ne'er shall the sound of this devoted lyre
" Be wanting, whether on the rosy mead,
" When summer smiles, to warn the melting heart
" Of luxury's allurement; whether firm
" Against the torrent and the stubborn hill

" To urge bold Virtue's unremitted nerve,
" And wake the strong divinity of soul
" That conquers Chance and Fate; or whether
" struck
" For sounds of triumph, to proclaim her toils
" Upon the lofty summit, round her brow
" To twine the wreath of incorruptive praise;
" To trace her hallow'd light through future
" worlds,
" And bless Heaven's image in the heart of man.

" ——————Is aught so fair
" In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
" In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
" In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
" As virtuous friendship?——
" The graceful tear that streams for other's woes?
" Or the mild majesty of private life,
" Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
" The gate; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
" Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
" Of innocence and love protect the scene?"

My hurt mind feels a pleasure in retracing the goodness of her who, in all

trials and adversities, shone like a gem surrounded by darker objects. Yes, in the female sex I found friendship and consolation. My mind was relieved from the contemplation of vice, fraud, and villainy, by this amiable, this opposite object. Spite of the hackneyed wit of satirists, I give a proof which may dull the edge of their weapons. The thought is now a consolatory one to me: let me still cherish it.

"Hæc semel placuit; decies repetita placebit."

CHAP.

CHAPTER IV.

Paterson, on my return to the prison, was quite delighted at the issue of my adventure, and sincerely wished me to hurry on my marriage with Adelaide, a marriage which, he said, was *immediately* and most indispensably necessary, as he had learned from Mr. Blazon's lawyer, that he was resolved to prosecute the criminal to the last, and that nothing but my fortifying myself with *friends* and *property* could be of any avail, as the circumstances alleged against my brother were of the most convincing kind. He had conveyed

poor Miss Sendon to her father's house, who, he informed me, was lately arrived in Scotland, to settle some business with Mr. Blazon, and who had been extremely agitated at his daughter's illness, and had likewise expressed much horror at the fate of the prisoner. Paterson advised me to wait on Sir George, and try my influence with him, in beseeching him to put a stop to the intended measures of his future son-in-law. As drowning wretches snatch at every reed, I determined to follow the advice of this worthy counsellor. I inquired for poor Gustavus, who was, he informed me, then in a sound sleep; and, as it was the first refreshment he had for a long period experienced from repose, I would not wake him. When he rose, though still fevered and haggard, I found him somewhat better than he had hitherto been. He was capable

of

of shedding tears *copiously*, which was a circumstance very much in his favour. I concealed from him the dreadful calamity which had befallen his father; as I knew that, on the knowledge of such an affliction, he would instantly relapse into all his former vehemence of woe.

The day of my marriage with Adelaide was now fixed, and I looked forward towards its celebration with a mixture of awe and gratitude to Providence. I endeavoured, in the mean time, to gain admission to Sir George Sendon; but found that he was so ill with constant attendance upon his suffering daughter, that all my efforts to that purpose were in vain. My whole hopes were now centered in Adelaide: there I thought assistance and comfort *sure*, and beyond the malice of my fate. How rash is the mortal who entertains such

thoughts

thoughts in any human state! Calling at her lodgings one morning, I found her very much dejected, and in great agitation of spirits, in consequence of a circumstance which had lately taken place. She had been accidentally in company with a gentleman at her lawyer's (while arranging some of the papers belonging to her late husband) who had observed her with a very marked attention. Returning home, she was much surprised and offended at perceiving that he took the liberty of following her. Not many moments after, she received a letter from a coffee-house in the same street, addressed to *Mrs. Durnsford.*

Having but few acquaintance in the metropolis of Scotland, she was, at the first sight of the superscription, thoroughly convinced the billet must come from the stranger, whose liberties had,

she

she imagined, given her so much *just ground* for anger and resentment. She hesitated a moment, whether she should break the seal or no ; but she was compelled to do so, by an emotion which she could neither resist nor describe. The note was short, and contained what follows :

"Madam,

"A man who is deeply *interested* in
"your *concerns*, desires the favour of a
"few moments conversation.

"C. D."

Her indignation was raised to such a height by this more than familiar appeal, that she did not deign to send any answer to it ; but, a few moments afterwards, a second letter was conveyed to her, replete with contents still more

more extraordinary than those of the first:

"Madam,

"I am a man by no means accus-
"tomed to *trifle* with any one; I there-
"fore warn you to beware how you
"treat my wish to see you with *levity*.
"I have it in my power to be much
"your friend; and where I *am* a friend,
"believe me, I am a *zealous* one. Let
"me alike take the liberty of suggest-
"ing to you that I am a man, and have
"the passions of a man; consequently,
"may, if *irritated*, be susceptible of
"the feeling called *resentment*. I mean
"you well. I am the child of *freedom*,
"and disgrace never yet coupled itself
"with the name or character of

"C. D."

While she was considering the im-

port

port of these strange appeals her lawyer chanced to knock at the door. She instantly shewed him the letters she had just received. He read them over, expressed no sort of surprise, but informed her, with an air of dejection, that it was concerning this very business that he at present did himself the honour of waiting upon her. He then told her, that he had lately been visited by a young gentleman, a *foreigner*, who laid very strong claims to the fortune which had been lately left her by her husband. He earnestly requested Adelaide to turn over every circumstance in her mind, and endeavour to recollect, whether or no she had ever heard Mr. Durnsford make any *mention* of a *son*, whom he had lost in early life. She candidly confessed that she *had*; but had ever understood, that the young man had *died abroad*. We must be

cautious, added the lawyer, for the will of Mr. Durnsford is unluckily *so worded*, that if, by any accident, the young man should be *still alive*; if, in short, Madam, the present claimant is no *impostor*; I *fear* you will be compelled to resign all claims to the estate of the late Mr. Durnsford.

" And why should you *fear* it, Mr. " Anderson?" replied Adelaide. " If " young Mr. Durnsford yet exists, he " is the *rightful* heir of the property of " his father, and it would be more " than injustice, it would be a species " of *fraud* in me, to endeavour to keep " it from him."

" I doubt, Madam," said Anderson in reply, " there are very few persons " who would judge their own cause in " so disinterested a manner."

" Let us hope not," rejoined Adelaide, " we are all too apt to paint

" mankind

" mankind in blacker colours than " they deserve; but, I trust that there " are thousands, that would act just as " I have done; even if it were possi-" ble for them to have greater feelings " at hazard from the event."

The lawyer then left her to her meditations, with a promise to her, before he departed, that he would use his utmost efforts to sift this mysterious matter to the bottom, and remit no exertion in his power to see that ample justice was done to *all parties*.

When I first saw Adelaide after this occurrence, her countenance was impressed with a solemn melancholy; yet it was neither the melancholy of peevishness nor of despair. She had ever been armed with patience to submit to the decrees of Providence, and that fortitude which had proved her best friend through many of the momentous pe-

riods

riods of her life, that *heroism* let me rather call it, did not desert her in the present trying crisis. She sadly told me, and I could then have pledged my life on the sincerity of her asseveration, that the greatest pang her disappointment gave her, was the opportunity thus suddenly snatched away from her, of being of service to me and my unhappy family. She would not *now* listen to a single word on the subject of our intended marriage, till the *event* of the appeal made by the unexpected claimant to her property should be fully *ascertained.* I endeavoured to divert her from this rigid resolution, but I found her fixed. Her ideas were ever founded on too firm a basis of propriety, to be shaken by any of the sophisticated arguments it was now in my power to urge; for all the motives I could have adduced must have been founded on false

conclusions.

conclusions. For what could have resulted from an union formed under auspices so unpropitious? What but *want* and *wretchedness*?

Fate now seemed to rob the wretched house of Landford of every ray of hope. The only beam which had broke through the dark clouds which surrounded us, was extinguished, and the resolutions of the generous, the disinterested Adelaide in our favour, were thus likely to to be rendered fruitless and abortive all. As I received intelligence of the returning reason of my father, the joy I felt was proportionably counteracted by the gradual decay of the miserable Gustavus. He now no longer appeared sensible even of his *disgrace.*

The day of his trial was drawing near, and, although circumstances were, unfortunately, so strong against him,

that

that there hardly remained an idea of his acquittal, yet, such was the morbid insensibility which had benumbed every faculty of his soul, that he appeared no longer conscious of the dangerous predicament in which he stood. A tear would sometimes steal down his cheek as he pronounced the name of Juliana, and this was the only sign he gave of sensibility to the vibration of rapture, or the throb of anguish. His form was decayed; his once brilliant eye was glazed as it rolled round his dungeon in vacant glaring: he was the shadow of Gustavus; yet still the ruin shewed that the pile had once been a noble one. Humanity never presented a more melancholy wreck of all that was majestic, noble, splendid, or delightful!

CHAPTER V.

By the bounty of Adelaide, I had enjoyed the felicity of rendering every thing around my father and my brother as comfortable as the nature of their circumstances would admit of. To her I had no objection to be obliged ; but, alas, it now appeared doubtful, whether she would long be able to enjoy the divine felicity of spreading the fruits of grace and goodness about every person who had the happiness to be near her.

I every day received intelligence, that the reason of my father was *gradu-*

ally returning, but I was still forbidden by his physicians to see him. I used every exertion, also, to cheer and raise the drooping spirits of my brother, against the approaching day of trial. My efforts, however, were not attended with any degree of success. His languor increased to the highest pitch of torpor and insensibility.

Such was the melancholy posture of my affairs, when I received a card from the Earl of Rothvale, who stated, that he was peculiarly anxious to see and converse with me for a few moments, and that he was only that *hour* arrived in town. That he had also business to communicate to me of a very *urgent* and peculiar nature. As I (though I knew I was distantly related to him) had no sort of acquaintance with the Earl, I was much surprised at such an intimation. In the hope, however,

that his Lordship might have some influence in persuading the vindictive Blazon to soften the cruel rigour of his persecution, I resolved to obey the summons, and exert every faculty to ingratiate myself with him, so far as to carry this one point, which gained, I felt as if I should have nothing more to do or suffer through the remnant of my life. To see a brother freed from the danger of a public and an ignominious trial would leave me, as I thought, without a *hope*, without a *fear*, and that no future passion could disturb the dull monotony of my melancholy days.

As the water, by continual dropping wears out the rugged rock by its attrition, so had the ceaseless throbbings of affliction exhausted the sensibilities of *my heart*. I felt it was possible for man to attain that apathy of the soul, which hardly raises him above the level of the

plants, that rise, expand, and droop unheeded round him. With these impressions, I waited on Lord Rothvale, at the hotel which had been named in his card. I was shewn into a spacious apartment, where an old gentleman, with his back towards me, sat reading. He rose as I opened the door, and, to my infinite amazement, I recognized the venerable, the respected features of the worthy Mr. Alleyn.

When my first surprise was over, he bade me remember that, when we parted last, he had assured me that he would never make his appearance in my concerns, unless it were to do me service. He informed me, that he was once more in favour with the Rothvale family, and would that moment acquaint the Earl (who was dressing in his apartment above stairs) of my compliance with his invitation. As he left

left the room, he squeezed me cordially by the hand. "Be not surprised, young "man, at any *changes* you may find in "a short space of time, remember "that the affairs of this world are "mutable; that there is nothing cer-"tain below but virtue." Saying this he retired, and left me for a few moments lost in thought. I was roused from this reverse by a servant, who threw open the door and announced the Earl of Rothvale. Footsteps approached. I raised my eyes, and most elegantly attired, beheld the well-known face of my once poor friend—David Middleton.

"Good God!" said I, "is this then "possible?"

"It is, indeed my dear Mowbray," said he, taking my hand in the most affectionate manner, "the man who "now stands before you, is the person

"on whom you have bestowed so many
"favours, the man whom you have
"more than common grounds to set
"down as unjust, ungrateful, and un-
"generous. The wounds I have in-
"flicted, I hope, however, in some
"measure, to be able to heal, to punish
"Blazon (for I know your story), to
"comfort your father, and, if possible,
"to relieve your brother."

As he pronounced these last words, the tears gushed from my eyes. I seized his hand. My feelings suffocated me, and I sank down on the sofa which was in the room, overcome with the potent struggle of contending feelings. He perceived this battle of my mind, and waited for some moments till I became more calm. He then gave me every assurance of his friendship, patronage and protection, to me and mine. He insisted, also, on my passing the day with

with him, as his worthy friend, Alleyn, would be employed in compelling Blazon to do him justice and acknowledge his rights.

I had promised to wait on poor Adelaide; but eager to render the new Earl as anxious as possible for the interest of my brother, I wrote a few lines to beg that he would excuse me till the next day, and after dinner, heard the whole of the chapter of accidents, which, in a few moments, had exalted the once dejected David Middleton into the fortunate and happy Earl of Rothvale.

As many of the events which he then disclosed contain circumstances, which bring the short, but momentous period of my life, to my present retirement and seclusion from the world, I shall deliver the story in his own words.

LORD ROTHVALE'S ACCOUNT.

I AM fearful, my dear Mowbray, that you will accuse me of the blackest ingratitude, for having suffered you to be so much molested on my account. I pledge my honour to you, however, that had I known how much you were likely to be molested for the non payment of the sum you were so kind as to advance me in the hour of my necessity, I would have put myself to every inconvenience, and ran all hazards of retarding the progress of my own good fortunes, rather than have suffered you to meet with so very ill a return for the proof of friendship and generosity you exerted in my behalf. Though these tardy apologies can now avail me nothing, I must endeavour to retrieve your

your late good opinion, by my unremitted efforts in behalf of your embarrassed family. I need not repeat, that my heart has often bled at the recital of their sufferings. Mere pity is, indeed, a hackneyed, common, prostituted word. I have felt, on your account,

"The grief that cannot speak."

You must be astonished at the rapidity of the events which thus have raised me to a title, I did not, a few months ago, know I had the slightest pretension to look up to. When I retrace them myself, they sometimes bear more the appearance of the imaginary transitions of unconnected dreams, than the progression of a few months of actual existence. When we last parted, you may remember that I left you with a heavy heart. The gaunt spectre poverty, with haggard look, then glared

upon my poor mother and myself. To support and comfort her was all I wished to live for, yet the means of existence were then extremely remote, and the death of the singular Bardsworth, who was carried off in a momentary fit, tended still more to increase our difficulties and multiply our perplexities.

In this distressed situation we were one morning agreeably surprised by a venerable stranger, who knocked at the door of our humble mansion. My mother started at the sight of him, gazed earnestly in his face, and then burst into a flood of tears. I was ordered to retire. When I returned, I was informed that our new guest would probably remain for some time with us, and was entreated by my parent to shew him every mark of attention and respect. My heart was already predis-

posed to comply with this injunction. He appeared, in every circumstance, to have the greatest influence over my mother, who behaved towards him with the highest respect, and he, in return, evidently entertained an almost parental affection for *her*. She bade me look up to him as a guardian and a father. There was a suavity in his countenance, conversation, and manner, which made him an irresistible object of interest to every mind endowed with the slightest portion of sensibility. Humane, pious, learned, good, and free from errors in his own person, he had ever a holy regard for the repentant tears of others.

Such was Mr. Alleyn : a man. . . . . . But he has informed me that you know him, a circumstance which render *my commendations superfluous*. A mystery was divulged by him, which had long agitated myself and mother with the

most painful apprehensions. Bardsworth had expired without explaining to us the singular motives which had actuated his conduct towards us through life, and made him so contradictory in his benefits and injuries to myself in particular. Mr. Alleyn, at length, solved this enigma, in a manner which at once both surprised and affected us.

Bardsworth was connected with her, by the dearest, the most tender ties, he was her **FATHER**.

The discovery affected us both with various and painful sensations: all appeared to us like a dream. His conduct had been, in many instances, so unpaternal, that it had shocked the delicate and susceptible heart of his daughher. She readily forgave him all the perplexities, all the moments of anxiety and uneasiness, which he had occasioned her: it was for *herself* she was hurt.

In the hours of trial and of vexation, she had sometimes, (though very seldom) indulged in lamentations, and had uttered sentiments of resentment, against the author of her being, which had she now possessed worlds, she would readily have given them up to have recalled. We did all in our power to convince her, that she judged herself too rigidly. Even had she known the relationship which subsisted between her and the defunct, his cold apathy, in allowing her to be exposed to so many trials, and such dangerous temptations, might have excused her in the eye of the world: but she was of a nature too peculiar to be lulled to rest by these arguments; she accused herself with not having borne the trials of adversity as became a Christian: she lamented having indulged a peevishness of temper, which had been punished in

in directing her impetuosity, where (under all circumstances) she was bound to pay the respectful obedience, she was pleased to say, she had ever experienced from *me*. My mother may, sometimes, carry her notions too far: she may have errors; but they are ever so much on the right side of the question, that even those errors are entitled to veneration.

Mr. Alleyn was of this opinion. His respect for my parent increased with every hour, and her admiration of his wisdom and his virtues kept equal pace with the sentiments he had entertained in her favour. He suffered her grief to have full vent, before he would enter into the detail of the many events he had to relate. He used every endeavour to impress on my mind the folly of being either elated or depressed by those accidents which are inseparable from the

the frail tenure of mortality. Without the authority of the pastor or the solemnity of the preacher, he delivered his admonitions to me with the dignity of a father, with the frankness of a friend. I promised to do all in my power to render myself deserving of those favorable sentiments he expressed towards me, and assured him, that, however Providence might hereafter think fit to dispose of me, in the smiles or frowns of fortune, I would treasure his precepts, and remember his kindness to me, with the fervors of a grateful heart. He was pleased with the confidence I reposed in him. Though now old, he loved the society of his juniors. He was ever of opinion, that a rightly established friendship between an elderly and a young man, afforded pleasure and profit to both parties concerned: the youth had every advantage, he urged,

that could be derived from the experience of his senior, while the vivacity of the younger personage, kept the heart of the elder from the despondency which sometimes oppresses old age, when the cordial drop of friendship is not applied to the relief of the exhausted spirits.

When my poor parent had paid the pious tribute of sorrow and shed numberless tears for her departed father, she soon grew able to attend to all the mysteries the worthy Alleyn had to disclose; he was much affected during the recital, the substance of which was nearly this.

When the follies of his wife occasioned separation, Bardsworth, who was ever a money-loving man, resolved that his daughter should never know what it was to be a *fine* lady; in which character he was convinced that every vice and every failing was connected

nected and bound up. Ashamed of his connections with the mother, he placed the daughter under the roof of a secret friend, while she was yet an infant in arms, resolving to have no more intercourse with her, than merely paying for her maintenance, and observing personally that she was well used. The name of father she was never to utter to him, nor to know that she stood in any *such* relationship towards him. As he saw her growing up, his own passion for saving money, which increased with his years more strongly, confirmed him in the resolution he had taken. He could not acknowledge his child without parting with some portion of his wealth to her, and that he could not bear to think of, till death should render him incapable of contemplating his hard earned guineas.

The love of accumulation had almost destroyed

destroyed every feeling in his heart; but when he sometimes saw the little cherub daily increasing in loveliness and grace, even the passion of avarice gave way for a moment, and he could not avoid experiencing some of the parental yearnings of affection, to which every human creature must be liable. The mother had deeply offended him: ought the child to suffer on that account? This thought one day struck him as the little helpless thing lay in his arms, and grasped his finger in its own innocent hand. What was to be done? Habit now made his wealth the greatest source of consolation he had in the world. Pity pleaded on this side, nature on that. He could not reconcile them. He pondered and reflected. He at last resolved to make a kind of *compromise* between increasing wealth, and a something like dawning affection.

When

When he should die he felt a melancholy assurance, that he could not carry his money along with him, and that being the case, he began to think that the little one had as much claim to it as strangers; more particularly as he resolved not to be at any *great expense* on her account.

In his daughter's present humiliated and *apparently* friendless situation, he thought her safe from every danger and every temptation, and that when, at last, money did come, it would fall upon a person who having known the want of it, would have acquired that science, which he considered as the ultimatum of all worldly knowledge,—the art of *saving* it. His delight, therefore, through his whole life, was to assist, by tricks and shufflings. The best specimens of this kind you have heard of before, when he pretended to buy

and

and sell monies which he had contrived to present her of his own accord. Like most other money lovers, he was fond of mystery in every thing, and when he did a generous action, liked to deceive *himself* with some retrograde principle. All of a sudden, however, his schemes were defeated, and what he thought his well concerted projects, blasted by a fatal circumstance.

My mother, allured by the honourable promises of an agreeable, but libertine young man of fashion, eloped from her asylum, and left every one lost in astonishment at the temerity of her conduct. This young man, was the late Earl of Rothvale. He married my mother, on a condition which, artless, young and inexperienced, she had been weak enough to comply with and to confirm by an *oath*. His relations were

were extremely proud, and had fixed their hearts on his union with the daughter of the Duke of D—. My mother, in this instance, certainly deviated from the plain straight rule of propriety, and her expiation was a severe one. The ardours of love prevailed on her, however, to take the oath administered to her. They retired to a remote seat of the young husband's; it was a mansion almost buried in woods, which he had not occupied for many a year, but had now refitted up, and placed under the dir ection of two of his own dependents, a valet de chambre and his wife, who where their only attendants in this seclusion.

I was the consequence of this clan. destine marriage; but 'ere I was a year old, my mother lost the society of her perfidious husband. Pretending urgent business in the metropolis, he kiss-
ed

ed her and me, and departed with his valet de chambre: departed like *Ajut* never to return. She received many letters from him, conjuring her, if she entertained the least spark of love for him, never to hint to any one that she was his *wife*, as the mention of such a circumstance would only lead to the misery and distress of all parties. He conjured her to remember the dreadful *oath* she had taken, and, at the same time, gave her assurances, that if she preserved her faith and silence, all might yet go well with her and her poor infant: that if, on the contrary, she violated her promise, it might be prejudicial to her own happiness, as well as that of her innocent offspring.

As she lived but in my smiles, this menace perfectly answered the *desired end*. She would weep over me for days together; but for my sake she was pa-

tient, *silent*, and *unrepining*. His letters grew less and less frequent, until, at last, they *ceased entirely*. The wife of the valet de chambre, who had accompanied my father, still appeared to have reserves of *money*, but she was mute on the subject of what had become, either of her own husband, or his master. The fact was, that he had gone abroad. He resisted, indeed, all solicitations from his family to marry any *other woman*; but this was the only act of justice that he performed towards us: for a strong dread of his relatives impeded him from allowing my mother to be absolved from the fatal oath she had been weak enough to take.

Under these circumstances the title of Rothvale fell to my father. He had never lived on any terms with his younger brother, Mr. Blazon, and always assured Mr. Alleyn, that if it was on-

ly to disappoint *him* he would make known my rights at his *death*; but, till then, he was rigidly resolved neither to acknowledge me nor my mother. Mr. Alleyn, who had married them, was the only person privy to this nefarious transaction, and he would immediately have exposed the infamy of Lord Rothvale's conduct to the world, had not motives of pity, upon our account, impeded his resolution.

He had written a stern letter, in the hope of intimidating his former pupil, the Earl, but was silenced with a threat, that, if he took any measures to that effect, or used the least endeavour to persuade my mother to infringe the vow she had made, it would be the *ruin* of the persons whom he wished to *serve*; but that if, on the contrary, we acquiesced in patient *silence* and *resignation* to his wishes, he would, at his death,

and

(and not *till then*) acknowledge me his son, and endeavour to make my poor mother every reparation for the inconveniencies she had submitted to on his account.

He had several times made offers of advancing sums for my maintenance; but the proud heart of his wife revolted from this. She said, as she *truly felt*, that she would rather perish, than suffer a son he was ashamed to *own*, to be indebted to his bounty for a shilling. She had rashly taken an oath, and would keep it; but would not degrade herself by receiving her *right* as an *alms*. On this head she was inflexible. Mr. Alleyn saw that it was in vain to struggle, and that the only way to do a real service was to preserve a religious silence on the subject. Having ever consented to the performance of this clandestine union was the only act of his

life that had once disturbed the tranquillity of conscious virtue in the bosom of this truly worthy member of his sacred order. He requested leave, therefore, to retire to a quiet and romantic spot on the borders of Scotland.

My mother was as patient as the cruel nature of her circumstances would admit of. The struggle was hard: but resistance was in vain. To have acquainted me with the secret of my birth would have been imprudent in every sense of the word, as it would have added double pungency to the evils of poverty, and endangered the hourly discovery of a mystery, it was, to all appearance, so much the interest of every party concerned to bury (for the *present*) in oblivion.

The woman whom Lord Rothvale had left to provide for his wife grew tired of her seclusion, and was eager to join

join her husband in the delights of the metropolis. Not knowing that my mother was *married* to his Lordship, she imagined that, by getting her off his hands, she would render him a very acceptable piece of service. Having heard her mention the house where she formerly lived, she immediately dispatched a letter of information to the master of it, who consequently communicated the intelligence to Bardsworth. Much as this singular man loved money, he was not so totally devoid of feeling as to wish his only child to live in the degraded light of the kept-mistress of any one (for such my poor parent was generally considered) and he immediately dispatched a letter so worded, as to persuade her again to return to the metropolis. This letter was written in the name of the worthy woman who kept the little shop where he afterwards *pretended* to

find her by *chance*. He more than ever applauded himself for the mysterious conduct he had adopted, in keeping her in ignorance of the relative situation in which she stood towards him.

After suffering so much ridicule on account of the follies of his *wife*, he thought he never should have been able to endure the jeers of the world, after being a second time degraded by the conduct of his *daughter*. For me he could not help feeling an affection. He resolved that I should be his heir; but, at the same time, formed a determination of not giving me a shilling till his death. He thought that nothing, but the actual want of money, could ever teach any man the *true value of it*: for this reason, he was ever hampering and tormenting me with voluntary loans, and then as eager to drive me to extremities for their payment. He thought

he

he perceived a disposition about me to *extravagance*, a disposition which nothing but the actual pressure of *want* could ever do away: the idea of my being any thing like a *fine gentleman* he was ever averse to, and whenever he traced me to the commission of such follies as going on the stage, &c. &c., he had a faculty of repressing my spirits, which, though ridiculous, was ever effectual in its operation. With these impressions he hunted me every where, and pursued me to all places; a conduct which cost him more money than he could have been possibly induced to spend on any other motive or consideration.

Thus was his conduct at length explained. Soon after we were settled at Perth he died. A letter was found among his papers, which was immediately remitted to my mother, acknow-

ledging her his daughter, and leaving the greatest portion of his wealth to me, with the reservation of a small stipend bequeathed to a brother he had not seen for many years, and whom we have since discovered to be the much respected Mr. Alleyn. You may judge of our surprise at the death of a man of so very extraordinary a character. Some persons may be apt to think the picture overcharged; but if they have any relatives, who love money better than every thing else in the whole world, they will well know, that it is very possible for a man, under such influence, to act in a manner philosophy and experience must ever be at a loss to account for.

The death of Lord Rothvale completed the full tide of prosperity that flowed in upon us. He died abroad; but his gentleman was charged with a

solemn commission to deliver a letter to Mr. Alleyn. This worthy man was thus overwhelmed with several incidents of a nature as joyful as the late tenor of his life had been melancholy and sad. He discovered, in one week, that my mother was his niece, and that I was the heir of Rothvale. His lordship sent him every document necessary to put me in possession of my rights, acknowledged that many worldly motives had induced him to behave cruelly to an amiable and ill-fated woman, but that he had never felt the full force of his barbarities, till sickness and pain had left him leisure to contemplate the fading vanity of all human prospects. He was buried abroad, under the inspection of a gentleman he had lately hired in the capacity of an humble friend, by which said gentleman he had

conveyed his last dying wishes to the benevolent Alleyn.

I need not tell you the joy that these tidings diffused through our late melancholy dwelling. My mother, in whose bosom the day-beam of hope had expelled all the clouds of her former sadness, communicated the story with grateful tears, for the pious silence I had ever observed on the subject, upon which she had so early forbidden all conversation. Dear! dear mother! the pleasure of obliging you, had long anticipated all earthly reward.

A few weeks ago, Mr. Alleyn, having learned that Blazon was paying his addresses to Emma Mainfort, the object on which my conversation ever turned, dispatched a letter to the lady, informing her of my present change of circumstances and pretensions. We received

ceived a very kind answer, intimating her desire of seeing us at her husband's house directly. It was worded in her usual classical style, in which she called Mr. Alleyn the Chiron of the age, and myself his youthful pupil Telemachus. How she contrived to get rid of Mr. Blazon, I am sure I cannot tell; but when I arrived here last night, I received a message from him, hinting that he wished to speak to me and Mr. Alleyn. My mother being indisposed, is now following us by slow stages.

When Mr. Blazon arrived, he took some time in examining the papers; but every thing was so evidently made out, that it put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt. He was convinced that I was really his nephew, and though he had ever lived on the most hostile terms with his brother, he seemed by no means disposed to extend that malevo-

lence to myself. I saw in him many haughty, disagreeable qualities: yet as I had heard the story of your unhappy father and brother, I resolved, for their sakes, to keep on the best possible terms with him: and therefore have sent to you, to apologise most sincerely for any seeming neglect I may have been guilty of, and to consult with you, how my newly-acquired powers may be of most essential service to you and to your relatives: for, trust me, my dear Mowbray, there is not a selfish thought in my composition; and if ever Rothvale forgets the friends of his adversity, he will hold himself inferior, in every respect, to the once friendless Middleton.

CHAP-

CHAPTER VI.

HERE the young Earl paused. He spoke from the heart: his accents were uttered in the warm language of Nature, and it was quite impossible to doubt him. I conjured him to use every argument with his uncle to drop the threatened prosecution: a subject on which, he earnestly promised me, he would rouse all his eloquence and exert all his influence. Insisting on my calling upon him the next day, we here separated. He flew on the wings of love to Emma Mainfort: I slowly paced a-

long to visit Adelaide, and then to spend the remainder of the day with my dying brother; for dying he really was. I found the former much out of spirits. There was no doubt but that the mysterious stranger was really no other than young Durnsford. As the son of her respected husband, she was, therefore, resolved to yield him up her property without the trouble of litigation. The task of meeting him with smiles, was, she confessed, a hard one, as his unexpected presence had thus deprived her of the only gratification the wealth of the Indies could have afforded,—the gratification of administering to the wretched.

When I arrived at the prison I found every thing in confusion. Paterson was trembling, and begged me, for God's sake, to be composed, as my father was now in the prison.

"Great

"Great Heaven! My father!" said I, "What do you mean?"

"He is here with his physician. "His senses are returned."

I knelt down, and returned thanks to Heaven for this joyful intelligence.

"Be not too much elated," said Paterson: "the innocence of Gustavus "is now almost beyond a doubt."

He saw that joy had nearly thrown me into the convulsion of hysterics.

"Oh! unhappy, unhappy Mow-"bray, sad is the office of the keeper "of a place like this, if he has been "educated like a gentleman, like a "man. How often must his soul be "wrung, his heart be agonised! Your "cup of joy must be dashed with the "agonies of shame, with the bitter-"ness of despair. Yes, Gustavus is "innocent! but the guilty . . . . .

"Prepare for all that you can imagine ". . . . the guilty person is . . . ."

"*Who? who?* oh, *who?*"

"HIS FATHER!"

"Great God of Heaven!" cried I. My eyes flashed fire: the blood mounted to my head, which whirled round with a velocity I cannot describe, and I fell senseless on the floor.

When I revived I was in Paterson's own chamber. He was sitting by me. I spoke to him: he grasped my hand, burst into tears, and left the room. A pain on my breast excited my attention, and I found I had a blister placed there. I rolled my eyes mournfully round the room, and, at the bottom of the bed, saw the benevolent Mr. Alleyn. I learned from him that I had been ill above a week. A brain fever had attacked me; during which I had been

been seized with such strong convulsions, that it was as much as four men could do to hold me. I had lost immense quantities of blood, and my frame was emaciated and brought very low.

When I heard that a week had elapsed, I knew that the day of the trial of my father or my brother must be near. I asked, in terms of despair, if my conjectures were true. "I, wretched "that I am" cried I, "can then be of "no assistance in comforting, in sup-"porting my unhappy brother, or my "more unhappy parent. The day of "ignominy and shame will come, and "I, like all the rest of the deceitful "world, must be absent. Oh, cruel, "cruel Fortune! This last, this worst "of wounds, completes my misery."

Alleyn took me by the hand and looked me steadfastly in the face. "Young "man,"

"man," said he "one who never yet
"uttered falsehood, but who has wor-
"shipped Truth in her plain, unso-
"phisticated garb, gives you the word
"of a clergyman, that neither your fa-
"ther nor your brother will ever meet
"the dreadful trial, whose idea has so
"long disturbed your brain."

As he spoke these words he seemed like some angel standing by my bed, a more than beamy glory appeared to play round his countenance: his voice was affecting, his tone was tender. I fell back upon my pillow and drenched it with a shower of tears. This gush of grief relieved me, and I daily grew better.

Oh, afflicting memory! sad and rigid monitor! Yes, I will obey thy dictates. To retrace these mournful scenes has something of use, even in the

the midst of the melancholy gloom which they excite. They point to happier worlds, where I may regain my Gustavus, the generous, the exalted brother of my affections; where the Angel of Mercy shall cover my erring parent with his wings, and plead for him at the throne of the Great Being "who rejoices over the sinner that re-"penteth."

When gradually I recovered my accustomed strength, I found that the silent grave now held Gustavus and his father. The old man had confessed to his physician that he himself had been guilty of the robbery for which his matchless son was about to suffer. The worthy doctor, at first, imagined this to be some remains of former insanity, and would lend no ear to what he then considered the ravings of a half-recovered lunatic. He was so firm, however, in

his asseverations, that the justice and benevolence of the doctor began to take alarm, and he resolved to wait on Mr. Blazon, and endeavour to ascertain the particulars of this mysterious and dreadful transaction. When he arrived at Mr. Blazon's door, he found a chaise ready, and the master of the house immediately preparing to set out on a long journey. As the doctor felt that life, reputation, and justice were all at this moment at stake, and, that if Mr. Blazon should now be leaving the country every opportunity of discharging these duties would be lost for ever, he insisted on being let into the apartment where Mr. Blazon was settling writings with his attorney, and making the last preparations for his departure. The doctor earnestly communicated the whole business, and adjured Mr. Blazon, as he hoped for mercy at the day

of

of judgment, if possible, to explain this mysterious affair.

The face of Blazon grew red with the conscious glow of shame. "Doctor," said he, "you see before you a wretch "repentant, I fear, too late: yet what "reparation I have in my power to "make to an outraged world, believe "me I am, at last, willing to offer. My "passions have been dreadful ones. "To comply with them, I have per-"petrated deeds which humanity "would weep to hear, which purity "would blush to record. My bro-"ther has recalled me from this dream. "I have lost a title, and the loss has "been to me a fortunate one: it has "waked me to a recollection of my "past deeds; and, if there is mercy "above for such a wretch, I will en-"deavour to efface them. Plead for "me to Mr. Mowbray Landford; to

" . . . . . oh! what numbers of in-
" nocents have I to bemoan. Juliana!
" Emma! Adelaide! I have wronged
" you all: but Mowbray most.

" When I was *robbed*, I had the
" desperado, who committed the fatal
" action tracked to his lodgings. He
" had a mask and pistol. My servant
" observed him lay aside the mask: it
" was an old man. I went in person
" to seize him: but instead of the
" grey headed veteran I expected, I
" *thought* I beheld my deadly foe,
" Mowbray. An exact resemblance
" between him and his brother confirm-
" ed this idea, and as he only bowed
" assent when charged with the act,
" and did not *utter* a *single word*, I
" was satisfied that my enemy was in
" my power. When *convinced* that it
" was his father, and not himself, that
" had thus violated the laws of his

" country,

" country, it had not the least effect
" upon this stony heart. *He* confessed
" to the deed, and if I did but exter-
" minate him, it was all I wished for,
" all I sighed for. Such an infernal
" demon is Revenge when once it lays
" its icy hand upon the human heart.

" When, a few days ago, informed
" by Mr. Alleyn, that my victim was
" Gustavus, and not Mowbray Land-
" ford, you cannot conceive the terrors
" of my soul. How was I to retract?
" To own myself perjured? Dread-
" ful idea! My heart has long been
" hell to me, and I yesterday formed
" the resolution of disclosing the whole
" truth by letter, and flying from my
" native land for ever. That letter,
" doctor, I now put into your power.
" It cannot injure the elder Landford;
" because, when I am gone, no one can
" *appear against him*. It may, however,
free

"free the unhappy, the innocent Gus-
"tavus. Take it: fly: and, when you
"hear the name of Blazon pronounced,
"remember and point out to young-
"er sinners than myself, that a wretch
"still lives, a dreadful instance of the
"sure, though late avenging arm of
"Heaven; a wretch, who, like Cain,
"bears a stamp upon his forehead, for
"all mankind to shun him; a wretch,
"torn by crimes, agonized by doubts;
"once an atheist, now feeling in every
"nerve, that a retributive God holds
"the scales of justice, and shudders at
"his former dreams. Adieu, Sir, and
"if such a villain as myself deserves
"the compassion of any good man,
"try if you can pity *me*."

With these words he put the letter into the doctor's hands. It contained the account just above recited; an account which freed my brother, but stamped

stamped an indelible brand of infamy on my unfortunate father. Alas, what was to be done? *Delicacy* would have lost the life of Gustavus.

The physician instantly applied to the magistrate of the city, who gave him every assurance that all danger would be removed from Gustavus, and added a promise, that they would deal as tenderly as possible with the reputation of his father.

There is a point of suffering in the human mind which baffles all attempts at description: the lines of agony become so strong, that to depicture them exceeds the narrow bounds of language. The power of countenance and gesture are alone adequate to the task, and the painter and historian are forced to have recourse to the stratagem of the artist of antiquity, as the only possible mode

of extricating themselves from so critical and delicate a situation.*

The

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* *When the Greeks made their famous expedition against Troy they were detained by adverse winds at Aulis. Calchas, the prophet, being consulted, declared aloud that Iphigenia, the daughter of Agamemnon, must be sacrificed, to appease the wrath of Diana, and, that if her father refused to comply with this order, the fleet must remain wind-bound in the bay for ever. The King, after a long struggle, sacrificing his feelings to his patriotism, gave consent and attended the Princess with an agonised heart to the fatal altar. This passage gave occasion to that famous painting of Timanthes, which Pliny has admired as one of the most finished pieces of antiquity. The artist had expressed the grief and despair of all the persons present, with such moving truth and liveliness, that when he came to the countenance of the father, he felt the impossibility of giving it a proportionable degree of agony. He extricated himself from this difficulty, therefore, by making him avert his head from the heart-rending scene, and suffocated with the violence of his feelings,* he

The feeling mind will best administer to the solution of this difficulty. It has only to retrace the conduct of the father and the son, and some *idea* of the feelings of the *former* may then suggest themselves. Let it be remembered, that Gustavus, in his youth, had been treated with unkindness and neglect: that in comparison with myself, he had scarcely been considered as a son: that he had encountered hardly any thing but coldness and humiliation. In the most trying hour of calamity he had stood firmly by his father: he had toiled for him in poverty, he had groaned with him in agony, and to attain the acmé of calamity, had exposed himself to a death, replete with public shame

he is represented concealing his face in his robe. Nicholas Poussin has availed himself of this circumstance in his painting of the death of Germanicus, the figure of Agrippina is veiled.

shame and public disgrace, rather than behold these horrible, these excruciating evils, fall on the grey head of his father. The powerful, the all commanding laws of instinct and of nature, calling from the bottom of the soul, enabled him to perform his task with fortitude. The heart and mind of this exalted victim were cheared and inspired by a hallowed ray from Heaven. In devoting himself at the shrine of *filial piety*, he might have felt a beam of consolation break through the dull clouds that hid his love, his honour, and his early hopes of fame, in the darkness of eternal night: in his instance (sad as it was) a drop of cordial comfort floated on the brim of his full cup of sorrow. But ah! how deep was the reverse in the instance of his heart-broken father. To him, all was dark, dreary, desolate. He had none

of

of the supports I have been naming: no *one* possibility of happiness remained for him: cut to the heart and brain, the return of reason was to him return of woe. The worm that never dies had taken full possession of his heart. He was the real *object of pity*.

As these sad memoirs are destined to see the light, imperious sad necessity demands, that all these circumstances should be made known. If I drew a veil over them, their intent, their utility would be lost: if *one* father of a family should be struck with the perusal; if, after having indulged one object at the expense of all the rest, he should find how likely he may be to mourn his ill judged partiality: if his heart should acknowledge that, in the eye of nature and of reason, he is bound to watch with equal kindness and attention over the happiness and well being

of all his children, without distinction, great as have been the calamities of the house of Landford, they will not have been endured in vain. Providence teaches this lesson throughout all nature. The beautiful ordination may be seen in the savage beast of the forest, in the tenant of the air. The *poor hen*, as pathetically described in the most sublime and beautiful book in the world, gathers her chickens under her wings, watches for, warms, and feeds them all, without difference or partiality.

My poor father was, at length, convinced of the truth of this pathetic allegory: but, alas, conviction was with him too late. Struck with horror, penitence, despair, and shame, the poor man hastened to the prison of his son.

Gustavus was now removed, by the kind assiduities of Paterson, into one of his best apartments, and informed that

he was out of *all danger*. The joyful news was poured on a deaf ear; the vital spark was nearly extinct, and hope and joy had left his bosom never to return. He was nearly speechless, and after Paterson had communicated his intelligence, he turned his glazed eyes towards him, grasped him by the hand, cried, "tell my poor Juliana I "am innocent," and sunk on the shoulders of his gaoler. At that instant his poor father entered the room with his physician. He ran towards his son, and parting the hair from his forehead, gave a loud groan, that rung through the whole prison. "He is dead! he "is dead!" cried he; and placing his own face near that of his son's, let fall a whole torrent of tears on the cheek of his boy. Gustavus revived; he saw his father, smiled faintly upon him, and

and kissed his hand extended towards him.

"My son, my son; my murdered "son, can you forgive !!"

Gustavus placed his hands upon his lips. To this melancholy scene the physician put an end. I arrived at its conclusion, and Paterson, excited by his natural sensibility, revealed the melancholy secret, before he could be aware of its consequence upon a heart like mine. While I lay ill, Gustavus and my father both *expired*. He insisted on being present at the last moments of his son; he held him by the hand—Gustavus grasped him hard; murmured once more, "tell Juliana that I died "worthy of her;" and expired.

His father fell on the body—fell to rise no more. Grief had cracked the string of his heart.

Here,

Here, oh! here, let me drop my pen. I publish these adventures under a feigned name, as a warning lesson against the errors which occasioned this long train of miseries. If they can be of service to my fellow beings, the pangs I have felt in thus exposing the errors of my family, will be in some measure rewarded. Poor Juliana!—what a mercy would death have proved, compared to a recovery replete with so much horror.

Exhausted with the memory of my afflictions, I must here conclude my journal. If my heart ever recovers from the sadness that pervades it, I may, one day, add what remains as a *supplement*. I know not if the mournful relation will excite the interest of many; yet there may be *some* sympathetic hearts, who, after having paid the tribute of a tear to the unmerited suffer-

sufferings of the generous, the heroic Gustavus, will feel a wish to know the remaining fate of his more unhappy brother.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

MAID, WIFE, AND WIDOW.

SUPPLEMENT.

YEARS have elasped since I have opened the book wherein I had inscribed the chief incidents of my life. Age is stealing fast upon me; and though time has blunted the darts of affliction, remembrance yet inspires me with a painful, melancholy sensation, whenever I look back upon the woes of my father and my brother. I am now writing in a spot far removed from

the tomb that holds their ashes. As I present my family to the world under *feigned* names, and as these memoirs will never see the light till they are most probably forgotten by their acquaintance, I hope I do no injury to them. To record these adventures has filled up the gap of many a solitary hour. But, to proceed.

It is needless to say, that after the death of my brother and father, a profound melancholy absorbed every faculty of my soul: yet was it not the melancholy of despair; it was a solemn conviction, that all the bustle of this life is a mere dream, unworthy the sole consideration of a being, who is taught by suffering here, that there must be some better state hereafter. To that state I then looked forward with the greatest anxiety. While I mourned the errors of my father's life; errors ori-

ginating in the cursed vice of gaming, I felt a sort of seraphic pleasure, when I reflected on the manly virtue, the fraternal goodness, and the filial affection of Gustavus: of Gustavus, the brave, the pious, and the good.

His death had such an effect on the unhappy Miss Sendon, that a decline was the consequence, and her anxious father was compelled to take her with him to Lisbon, in hopes that change of air would afford a remedy for that disease, which climate never yet could cure—a *broken heart*—a complaint, says the great Henry Fielding, in his delightful romance of Tom Jones, which is more fatal to many persons of sensible minds than is generally supposed.

Before Sir George quitted England, he paid me a visit. He confessed that a false ambition had actuated him through the whole course of his life. In

hopes of forming grand alliances for his daughter, he had, he said, involved her in great sorrow and affliction. Monteval had never been pleasing to *her*, though his immense riches had made him the object of his own choice.—There was a wild air of ferocity, an unaccountable mode of thinking and acting, added to a spirit of revenge, and a peculiar boldness about his manners, which hid his general good qualities, and obscured the lustre of some other virtues, which might have rendered him amiable and conspicuous, and some of these qualities he certainly possessed. For Blazon she had ever professed the most avowed hatred and detestation, and nothing in the world could have compelled her to have given her hand where her heart was so entirely estranged.

With many melancholy reflections of

this nature, Sir George bade me adieu; proffering me, before he took his departure, any assistance which his purse and fortune were capable of affording me. The generosity of Earl Rothvale had rendered this offer quite superfluous. He had undertaken the whole expenses of the funeral of my poor father and brother, and had himself appeared as the chief mourner on the occasion. He hired comfortable lodgings for me, and supplied my pecuniary wants with a delicacy which never once wounded my pride or violated my feelings.

When I parted with Paterson, the worthy gaoler, I could not help shedding tears, tears of the most gracious thankfulness. I have the heartfelt satisfaction of declaring, that Paterson is no fictitious character. A man is, at this day, alive, who, in the same daily situation, practises the same daily benevolence;

nevolence: a man, who has a tear for the orphan, a purse for the widow, and a prayer for the criminal. He is an honour to his country, to his family, and to human nature: of his acquaintance I ever shall be proud; and, whenever I think of him, the following beautiful lines recur to my memory.

" I would not reckon in my list of friends,
" Though bless'd with polish'd manners and fine
" sense,
" Yet wanting *sensibility*, the man,
" Who needlessly sets foot upon a *worm*.
" An inadvertent step may crush the snail
" That idly crawls upon the midway path;
" But he that has *humanity*, forewarn'd,
" Will tread aside and let the reptile live."

COWPER.

In Adelaide I found also a gentle consoler and a tender friend. Her fortitude, her religion, and her virtues had more effect in healing the wounds of my hurt

hurt mind, than all the hackneyed consolations of thread-bare philosophy could have afforded. There is often a sublimity in the manner in which females endure affliction, that might put imperial manhood to the blush. They have a fortitude which soars above us; but they veil their heroism with a grace, which, with ignoble spirits, diminishes its lustre, but which, in generous minds, exalts them to the highest pitch of admiration, such was the case of Adelaide. She had hourly reason to imagine, that her fortune would be snatched from her, and that, after the vicissitudes of several years, after having tasted all the luxuries of wealth which a respectable and admiring husband could lavish on her, she should, in her age, experience a poverty more trying than that which had marked her early days, but, as her energies had been confirmed by time,

she

she doubted not, but that the same fortitude would stand her friend, which was, at that period, her best, most firm assistant.

From young Durnsford she had nothing to hope; but had every reason to believe, that he would never have any consideration for a woman, whom his father's few surviving friends must have represented to him as an artful, needy person, who had *stolen* into his family, and practised on an easy old man, to the prejudice of every branch connected with him in the ties of consanguinity.

The lawyer was now about to investigate the rights of the young claimant, and had received orders from Adelaide, if his demands were at all founded on *justice*, to give up every idea of litigation. I knew that the liberality of young Rothvale would, if the worst should happen to this exalted woman,

give

give me the opportunity of returning the generous conduct she had evinced on my behalf, when she imagined herself the heiress of the property of Durnsford, and had every reason to consider me the poorest of the poor. I knew, I say, that he would enable me to offer her a quiet asylum, where the common wants of life might be supplied: and I knew full well, that, for splendour and superfluity she had an innate contempt; except in instances where they promoted the encouragement of the ingenious and industrious, or supplied the wants of the poor and the unhappy.

Lord Rothvale, in the meantime, was grown a very great favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort. He listened to the long stories of the old gentleman with unwearied patience. As he had no resentment towards the lady of the house, he

was

was also soon very intimate with her. When he saw me, he would sometimes endeavour to divert my sorrows, by repeating her classical errors, which were as many and as egregious as ever. Her passion for fine company, and associating with lords, ladies, and scholars, had also grown with her years; and there was not a literary or fashionable party in the place which did not ring with her absurdities and her mistakes.

The mother of the young Earl was now come to town to be present at the marriage of her son. Mrs. Mainfort immediately professed the most ardent, the most unbounded friendship for her. "Let us" said she, "shew, "that Damon and Pythias, the two "Greek ladies, the wonder of their "age for friendship, were fables in "comparison with myself and my dear "Lady R—."

Mr.

Mr. Alleyn was shocked at these violent professions from a woman, whom he thought incapable of any real attachment. That worthy man could read hearts with great perspicuity, and in the heart of Mrs. Mainfort he beheld a mixture of affectation and pedantry, of selfishness and folly. He saw her caressing that woman as Lady Rothvale, whom, as Miss Middleton, though adorned with every grace and every virtue, she would have despised. He heard her loud in her censures of the poor wretch, whom the arts of a villain, or the cries of poverty, had led from the strict paths of virtue, but cringing and curtseying to the same vices in high life, and proud to shew her head at the parties of any thing at all connected with rank or power. Her pretensions to literary merit would have met with his pity or his smiles, had that been her only

ly failing; but, when he saw these follies accompanied by pride, avarice, selfishness, and vanity, he could not help thinking her the exact type of a character, thus exquisitely described by the first of English satirists:

"Superiors? s'death! and equals? what a curse!
"But an inferior, not dependent? worse;
"Offend her, and she knows not to forgive,
"Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live."

POPE.

The virtues of Emma, and the honest integrity of her father, however, fully reconciled the worthy Alleyn and the mother of the Earl to a match, on which the earthly happiness of her son appeared so essentially to depend. Emma Mainfort had virtues, which might have redeemed the errors of her whole race. She was as beautiful as she was good, and the accomplishments of her

mind

mind kept pace with the perfections of her *form*. She made no show of her acquirements, but with her the sciences went hand in hand with the graces, and with more real knowledge than ninety-nine out of a hundred, would rather have concealed her talents *for ever*, than have suffered them to shine out before any others of her sex who might have suffered by the comparison: add to this, that she was charitable, meek, pious, and beneficent.

Such a woman was the person on whom the hopes of Alleyn were formed to repose. He gazed on her with rapture; the tear of acknowledging gratitude stole down his time-furrowed countenance as he blessed her, and breathed a prayer to Heaven, thanking the wisdom of its decrees, which thus had guided the long wandering and long *abused* titles and estates of Roth-

vale,

vale, to those who would be capable of rightly appreciating the advantages of wealth and fortune.

Never, would he cry, may false philosophy or false politics rob the English noble of his divine powers. Who, like him, can protect the oppressed, raise the fallen, and spread the dividing spring of his bounty through the gardens of the husbandman, till comfort takes her dwelling in his cottage, and ruddy industry leads his little rosy cherubs by the hand to health, to labour, and to independence! Such are the heart-chearing employments of the English noble. Never may innovation, with her train of murders, rapines, and injustices, mar the fair harvest of such noble toils. Such were the exclamations of Alleyn, the benevolent.

About a twelvemonth after the burial of my father and my brother, the young

young Earl of Rothvale and the amiable Emma Mainfort were married by Alleyn in the presence of the father of Emma and the two mothers. My own heart was not yet sufficiently at ease to be able to attune itself to scenes of mirth and festivity. The young Earl did all in his power to prevail on me to assist at the ceremony; but the arguments he used were vain and fruitless. I could not afterwards avoid smiling at the description his lordship gave me of Mrs. Mainfort's conduct on the day of marriage. That worthy lady had provided a dinner in the true *classical* style: but, as usual, most of her ideas were confused and displaced. She had decorated her table with laurel and pine branches, and the other rewards which the Greeks proposed for warlike ceremonies, but which she gravely told the company were always used in the Latin

Epithalamiums.

Epithalamiums. She had seen an engraving at the head of a translation of Virgil, where the guests are reclined on *couches*: for this purpose the table was surrounded with *sofas*, on which she would fain have persuaded the company to repose; but every one declined so unusual a manner of disposing themselves and preferred taking their seats in the modern manner. Poor Mrs. Mainfort had, therefore, the mortification of seeing all her classical cookery neglected, and the plain English dishes preferred to all the culinary skill of ancient Greece and Rome. She continued to introduce a very great diversity of dishes, over each of which she made several long orations, which were infinitely more edifying and amusing to herself than her guests. Several expensive and rare fish were produced: of these she told us the ancient Roman epicures were par-

ticularly fond: especially Cincinnatus, who was supposed to have retired to the sea-coast at a certain period of the year to feast upon John Dories, for which he was the inventor of a *sauce piquante*. A service of apples and parsley was next introduced. Here, said she, the more moderate may imitate the simplicity and frugality of the ancient Latins, who feasted on the plainest fare, who roasted potatoes in their farms, and led their conquering Vandals on to victory and triumph. Such was the abstinence of Apicius, and such the frugal economy of the great Lucullus.

As every one appeared peculiarly anxious that the day should go off with eclat, not a creature attempted to contradict or interrupt her. Poor Mainfort, it is true, gave a few hems, but they were more the effects of his im-

 patience

patience at not being permitted to treat the company with his own stories, than any designed token of incivility to his wife. All was glee and harmony; good humour pervaded the whole society, which, at last, descended to the kitchen; for all the servants got so completely intoxicated, that not one of them was capable of attending to the good company above stairs.

Mrs. Mainfort was, at first, outrageous on this account; but my Lord Rothvale restored her to complete harmony, by assuring her, that the inebriation of her domestics was perfectly in character, as she must recollect those feasts of the Romans, where the slaves were allowed to drink away their senses, that the junior members of the common-wealth might see how despicable a drunkard appeared in the eyes of the temperate. "Aye, aye, my

"Lord,"

"Lord," said the hostess, "you allude "to the Lupercalia." His Lordship nodded assent: the lady smiled, and all was well.

At the end of dinner, Mr. Alleyn, however, to gratify her, filled his glass and told her he would drink the sex, "εἶδος ἀγητοί·" She smiled, and pledging him, replied, "True, Mr. Alleyn; and, you know, the *same author* says, *dulce ridentem, dulce loquentem.*"

There was a sort of aptness in the mistake, which struck David and Alleyn so forcibly, that, in spite of all their efforts to the contrary, they could not prevent themseves from laughing aloud. Mr. Alleyn, however, no sooner saw that this mirthful sally distressed and offended his hostess, than he made her every reparation in his power. It was one part of his Christian creed, that

we have no right to wound the feelings or prejudices of others, and that *learning* is but a poor substitute for *humanity*. Indeed, he considered all earthly knowledge as so very finite and bounded, that he who has the most of it has little reason to be vain; since, incapable of resolving the most simple progress of nature, or of comprehending the amazing wisdom of the omniscient being who baffles the most exalted understanding of his creatures, in the production of a leaf or the germination of a blade of grass. Mrs. Mainfort, therefore, accepted his apology, and the remainder of the day was passed in harmony and the most uninterrupted good humour.

I find, in retracing what I have said concerning te foibles of Mrs. Mainfort, that they have taken up a considerable portion of my work. The mind without

without ill-nature or malevolence, is sometimes apt to seize hold of the ridiculous, and to retain it with tenaciousness. If I can judge of my own heart, I never felt a single sentiment of ill-will there to Mrs. Mainfort or any other lady. It may be said, that I am one of those who would hide all knowledge from women, and limit their march in the paths of science and of genius to narrow bounds, and through the most selfish motives: if Mowbray Landford knows any thing of himself, he has no idea of this kind. He never was the man to prefer a cold unfeeling idiot with a pretty face, to the soul of sympathy, the mind replete with useful knowledge, or the understanding adorned by the powers of genius. Adelaide, the admired Adelaide, has been praised by him for her acquaintance with elegant literature: it is the affectation of

learning with which he quarrels, not with the quality itself. A pedant, male or female, was ever his aversion; let not his motives, then, suffer from misconstruction; let not the pen, which has endeavoured to describe the sublimities of virtue in all the three trying states to which a female can be exposed, be suspected of libelling where he is eager to praise, of detracting where his design is only to *warn*. A female of false knowledge exposes herself: she who is in possession of true accomplishment, whose mind is stored with elegant and well-selected reading, has acquired another resource, which will enable her to maintain her empire over the heart, when the glass can no longer flatter, or adulation please.

Lord Rothvale was not one of those kind of persons who are bountiful in professions, but circumscribed in their

actions: what he thought, he spoke and meant, and the promises he once made he was ever eager to perform. Instead of the false pride of an upstart, he surveyed his sudden elevation with the eye of philosophy and good sense. The title he had acquired had not exalted him one *tittle* in his own good opinion. He was more humble than when I knew him in the plain character of David Middleton: the actual lowliness of his situation then made him tenacious of respect; under the existing circumstances he never seemed solicitous about it. There are some men who, puffed up by sudden prosperity, cannot bear to meet with an old acquaintance of their hours of need, and are fretful and uneasy, if an anecdote is brought forwards, which records, even in the most good-humoured way, the shifts and straits to which they were formerly ex-

posed. This was not the case with Rothvale; he was never more delighted, than when an opportunity occurred to him of bringing forward the whimsical perplexities in which he had been involved. He had never once been contaminated with either vice or meanness, and therefore saw no reason to blush for any honest indigence he had experienced on his outset in life. His mother in-law would, indeed, sometimes blush *for him*, and assure him, that though such things were very well, when *Lucullus* followed the plough at his Sabine farm, yet, that such *Vandyke* manners were now exploded amongst people of literature and fashion. David would smile at such observations from Mrs. Mainfort, and let them pass without any further comment or observation.

His mother and the amiable Emma

were assiduous visitors to poor Adelaide, and hinted, in the most refined and delicate manner imaginable, that, if the event of present circumstances should prove at all unfavorable in the issue, she would be conferring a most essential obligation on them, by taking up her future residence in their house, where, they were well aware, that the obligation would be infinitely on their side of the question, by the advantages they should both reap from her friendship, her society, and her acquirements. Adelaide felt the full force of proffers made at such a trying moment, and expressed her sense of the liberal tenders of these charming women in the genuine language of heart-felt gratitude. Adversity may have its pleasures as well as the brilliant race of the most uninterrupted success: if it often loses us our hollow and insincere acquaint-

ance, we are still gainers, by getting rid of what was never worth the keeping. Let it be granted, that a mind amiable and sensitive, feels a wound in every nerve, when the friends of its summer days fly off like swallows when the winter of fortune approaches. Yet still there is a counterbalancing joy in the consolations of a steady friendship, a friendship, which, like the evergreen in a beautiful garden, remains without notice, whilst the rose, the lily, the violet, and the tulip, attract the eye by the gaudy intermixture of their colours. Yet, when these gay flowers fade and leave us, with what pleasure does the eye repose on the modest branches which still refresh us with the sight of nature's fairest livery. Thus, how reviving, how charmingly luxurious are the sentiments that arise, on proving, that, in spite of the remarks of the mo-

rose and the misanthropical, friendship and truth are still more than ideal beings, and that, like beauteous angels, they wave their star-gemmed wings over the head of despondency, and chear the night of despair and desolation with the lucid beams of comfort and of hope.

David (for so, in spite of his rank, I cannot avoid sometimes calling him) proposed a number of schemes for my *own* settlement in life; but till the affairs of Adelaide were finally arranged, I felt myself totally incapable of making any selfish provisions for my abstracted comforts.

Young Durnsford had sent abroad for the documents of his birth, which had thus long kept the mind of Adelaide in a state of the most unpleasant suspence.

I had a duty yet left me to perform towards her: it was a duty which had

double ties upon me, the bond of honour and the bond of inclination.

After many conversations with her lawyer, she at length learned his decisive opinion, that the claimant to the fortunes of Durnsford was really and *indisputably* the son of that gentleman: that he had examined all the documents the young man had to bring forward, and found that they were *solid and incontrovertible*. Adelaide had already armed herself with fortitude for this event, and being prepared for the reverse of her fortunes, was not so much shocked or staggered as if it had fallen unexpectedly upon her. When therefore informed, that young Durnsford requested the favour of an interview with her, previous to the transaction of business, she answered, that she had long avoided seeing him, from conviction, that while their affairs remained

in

in an undecided posture, the interview might only have excited unpleasant sentiments in the bosom of both parties; but that as she was now fully aware of the justice of his appeal, and was quite ready to yield to his superior claims, there was no danger of any asperity from either side; and under these considerations, was willing to admit of his visit, whenever he might think fit to pay it.

He availed himself of this permission, and waited on her the next day. She found him a very extraordinary man, wild and romantic, yet sensible and well informed. He had seen much of the world. There was a sort of *enthusiasm* in his language, manners, and expressions, which evinced that he had neither the polish of courts, nor the refinement of cities. In spite of all these disadvantages, he every day

grew

grew more and more in the favour of his step-mother. With all his errors he was a genuine child of Nature, and she could not avoid feeling an uncommon share of interest in his fate. They at length grew such good friends, that he related to her his story since he quitted his father's mansion. He did it rapidly, and without attempting to elucidate it by any of the refined ornaments of speech.

He acknowledged, that no theorist had ever been more ridiculously mad, than he had proved himself, in the prosecution of one of the wildest systems, that had ever entered the imagination of man. A *social* savage had, to him, appeared the most sublime object in the wide round of creation: his wants few, his liberty unbounded, his heart sincere, a servile worshipper of no fictitious ceremonies, the bending

slave to no imaginary wants, eating when hungry, and slaking his thirst at the first limpid fountain; manly in his exercises, martial in his sports. Such was the idea he had gleaned from modern French philosophers; and what they had been mad enough to *write*, he was mad enough to put in *practice*. Encouraged by Zayida, a very clever slave of his father's, he collected a treasure, and eloped with her. They travelled till they reached a high ridge of mountains: here they halted, and came to a sort of plain tenanted by Indians. These men and women had formerly escaped from their masters and mistresses at —, and had formed a little republic of their own, where they lived by rapine, violence, and any other means lawful or unlawful.

The first specimen he saw of savage freedom was under the roof of the

father

father of his swarthy inamorata. Two natives were playing at a sort of game at dice. One of them lost his ornaments, and even his bow and arrow: at length he staked *himself*: his opponent carried him home as his slave, and lashed him with a heavy whip at every step he took.

"This," said young Durnsford, "would, I thought, have puzzled our "late philosophers to make tally with "the exalted ideas they have given us "of savage life. But the worst was "to come. I had formed a great friend- "ship with a chief of the name of Na- "kayio, who lived in the next hut to "Zayida and myself. We hunted to- "gether, and I believed Nakayio one "of the most generous men alive, till "we one day, after being fatigued "with the chace, fell fast asleep under "a great tree: when awaking, I found

" that Nakayio had stripped my pockets " of every thing they contained. I " bitterly accused him of this act of " perfidy, to which he only replied by " giving me the lie in my own lan- " guage, which he well understood, " by having so long been a slave at —, " and challenging me to fight him. I " agreed to accept the combat next " morn, and appointed a place among " the rocks for the scene of action. I " was punctual to my time, when the " treacherous savage appeared with a " dozen more, overpowered me, bound " me hand and foot with green withies " and cast me prisoner into a cave, " where he told me I should remain " till their chief had passed sentence " upon me.

" This was accordingly done the " next day. I was dragged before " Huazamboo, the parent of my own

" dear

"dear Zayida, who after pretending
"to hear both sides with a great deal
"of moderation, at length condemned
"me to be the slave of Nakayio, who
"accordingly flogged me home to his
"hut, in conformity to the usual cus-
"tom of his tribe; another instance
"for Illuminés in their notions of jus-
"tice. I was in great hopes that my
"beloved Zayida, (to fly with whom
"I had given up friends, parents, and
"the whole world), would speedily
"rescue me from this painful and de-
"grading state of servitude; but all
"the slaves of Nakayio made great
"preparations for their master's wed-
"ding, and when the bride was pre-
"sented to him by Huazamboo, whom
"should she turn out to be but my own
"dear, affectionate, Zayida!

"Surely, surely, Monsieur Rous-
"seau, thought I, no woman in a
"polished

"polished country could turn out a "greater jilt than this sublime savage.

"I was long condemned to groan in "the worst kind of slavery: in a subjec- "tion to a set of ignorant beings, who "among a few ferocious virtues, had "more vices than ever disgraced the "most extended metropolis. Some "sailors, landing for water, surprised "me one day as I was at work for my "cruel task masters; I was rejoiced to "see them, told them my story in the "French language, which they lucki- "ly understood, and went with them "aboard their vessel, somewhat stag- "gered with regard to my *notions of a* "*savage life;* but still filled with the "idea, that the refinements of the "world were as ridiculous as they "were superficial, and that there must "be yet some spot, where man, at his

"*full liberty*, was gentle, generous,
"sociable, and benevolent.

"A sentiment of shame prevented
"me from entertaining any thought of
"returning *home* again. I knew that
"my father's cool but biting irony
"would be constantly employed, in
"turning all my wild experiments to
"ridicule, and that the *issue* of my
"chimerical projects would tend to
"make me appear either mad or ridi-
"culous to all who had formerly known
"me: I therefore willingly embraced
"the opportunity of flying far from all
"my connections. The vessel was
"bound for Spain, and still eager to
"see foreign parts, and attached to a
"wandering life, I was rejoiced at this
"occasion of gratifying my predomi-
"nant inclination.

"When I left my father's I had se-
"cured

"cured a quantity of jewels: some of "these I had fortunately concealed "from my dear Zayida and her new "*caro sposo.* On my arrival at Ma-"drid, these were my best friends."

Durnsford then went on, relating a number of accidents which had befallen him, until the money raised on his diamonds was spent, and he was recommended as a private secretary to a rich Grandee of Madrid, with whom he passed several years. This old man, having no children, was surrounded by a number of wealthy relatives, each of whom looked to his death with eagerness, in hope of sharing the spoil. They had various ways of paying their court; but the most frequent plan was to entreat him to stand *godfather* to their children, by which means they imagined, that he would feel himself bound to leave something handsome to his

his adopted. He pretended to be caught with these artifices, and being of a saving turn of mind, was rejoiced at this opportunity of *feasting* at other people's tables, and laughing at them in his sleeve into the *bargain*. He found Durnsford so necessary to his affairs that he often hinted to him that he might perhaps be a better friend to him, than he expected; but he knew him to be a cunning over reaching man, who was delighted at the idea of taking other people in, by these specious pretences, or what he emphatically termed, *biting the files*.

Under these circumstances, then, his surprise was excessive, when Don Christopher informed him in his last illness, that he had left him heir to the major part of his immense wealth. He let him into a secret uuknown to the rest of the world, which was, that most

of

of his property was converted into bank of England bills. He had beheld the storm gathering over the rest of Europe, and was firmly persuaded that was the only country where his property would be secure, "amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds." These bills he had placed in a little golden casket, of which he gave his secretary the key. He informed him, at the same time, that he looked upon him as the only person in the world, to whose fidelity and attention he was *really obliged*. The others, who had fawned upon him, he knew hated him in their *hearts*, and had only flattered him for the sake of his money. As a punishment for their *hypocrisy*, therefore, he should only leave them his landed property, which divided amongst them would be hardly worth the having.

The humourist died. His relatives

assembled round his corpse, and went into deep mourning. Several of them ordered a splendid funeral, which when his will was opened not one of them would follow: and numbers were highly provoked, whenever they looked at his little *god-sons*, whose names only served to remind them of the trick which had been played them.

Durnsford then purchased a splendid establishment. He was soon surrounded by young people of all descriptions, and *wild* in his manners, opinions, and conduct, he ill agreed with the sombre sentiments of the inhabitants of Madrid. In a nightly frolic he insulted a young English officer at a public place of entertainment, by a slur he threw out on the constitution of his country. A meeting took place, and the life of Durnsford was at the mercy of his opponent. The officer calmly left him,

informing

informing him, that he might now form some estimate of the English character; that a Briton repelled an insult with force, but treated a fallen enemy with gentleness. Durnsford was charmed with the gallantry of his enemy, but heard no more of him for near a year afterwards.

When he was one night sitting among a crew of his parasitical companions, he was summoned by his servant, who said that a stranger, muffled up in a cloak, attended him in the garden, and earnestly requested a few words conversation with him in private. Durnsford felt his curiosity excited, and followed the man to the spot, where he again beheld his former antagonist, the gallant young Englishman. He conjured him, if he valued his liberty or his property, to fly from Madrid before the next morning, or he would be per-

haps imprisoned for life. Durnsford started with amazement. The Englishman then informed him, that he was surrounded by a set of traiterous villains, who while they fed on his bounty envied him the wealth of Christopher, to whom some of them were distantly related: that they had heard him deliver his sentiments on monarchical government, and his wild ideas of savage liberty; and taking advantage of the rigour of the Spanish government, with respect to religious and political speculations, had given warning to the bloodhounds of the Inquisition. Every drop of blood in the veins of Durnsford ran cold. He thanked his kind preserver, who in a moment vanished out of sight.

Durnsford returned to his company, and assumed as much chearfulness as he was capable of putting on under such critical circumstances. The next morning,

ing, however, by break of day, he placed his gold casket in his bosom, wandered for several days through unfrequented places, and at length arrived at the nearest sea-port, from whence he immediately set sail for France, and after a prosperous voyage arrived safely at Paris. The revolution was then raging in all its fury. Every one was full of the most exalted sentiments of freedom and of liberty. Durnsford was charmed and delighted. He now thought that he had passed the desert, and had arrived at the land of promise. The brilliant theorems then advanced accorded exactly with his wild unfettered ideas. Liberty was his idol, and he imagined that what he had missed among the savages, he had at length attained in a civilised country. Here he passed several years under the influence of a man high in power, a man who

professed the highest friendship for him, and for whom he would have sacrificed his life; his sentiments were so noble, he was so disinterested, and professed such a contempt for worldly honours and for earthly preferments.

A sudden convulsion took place, however, and he beheld this *disinterested man* trampling down every barrier of affection, every tie of consanguinity and even staining his hands with the blood of innocents, to place himself in the very identical situations he had affected to treat with such a philanthropical levity. Durnsford, indignant, taxed him with his *apostacy*; in consequence of which he was soon huddled into prison, with a variety of other wretches, merely for advancing the self same sentiments, which had been carefully instilled into his mind by his insidious friend. Luckily he had remitted

the

the best part of his property to Great-Britain a few months before this event had taken place.

Here he had fresh cause to compare wild license with tempered liberty. He was confined for two years among a set of wretches, who were, one by one, silently hurried away to death. His own turn came, and he was in expectation of the fatal summons, when, in the dead of the night, his door was thrown open, and a man entered his dreary apartment with a lanthorn and a pistol in his hand. Expecting sudden assassination, Durnsford sprung up to meet his fate with manly fortitude, when the form of the young Englishman, who had saved his life at Madrid, appeared before him. "Follow me, but "speak not," said he. He led the way in silence to a stair-case, where was a high window, which looked in-

to the garden of the prison. "Dare "you venture the leap?" said he, in a whisper. The height was dreadful. Durnsford paused. "If you dare not," he added, "the Briton must venture "alone. I have been your fellow pri-"soner for this last year. My turnkey, "intoxicated with brandy, (who al-"ways sleeps in the room with me), "gave me an opportunity of mixing "some opium I had concealed for a "raging tooth, in his draught. I knew "that his key would open your dun-"geon. I took it from his girdle. You "know your risk. To-morrow the "guillotine may await you, and . . ."

"Hark!" cried Durnsford. "They "come."

"They come!" answered the young Englishman, and darted out of the window. His pistol went off as he descended. Durnsford heard the sol-

diers approaching. He followed him, but in falling, fractured his leg. The young unknown instantly heard his groans. He conjured him to silence, and taking him on his shoulders, ran with him to the bottom of the garden, where a sentinel stood at the door. "Open! open!" cried Durnsford, "a "prisoner has escaped,—open!"

The drums immediately sounding the sentinel, deceived by his imperious tone, obeyed the mandate. The instant the door opened the Englishman wrenched his musquet from the hand of the sentinel and fired it at him. It flashed in the pan. He then seized the butt end, and felled him to the ground with the blow. Snatching his comrade up in his arms he rushed through the door. The night was dark, and they hid themselves behind some bushes. The soldiers passed by, and returned with ex-

ecrations on their ingenuity, and vows of vengance on their heads, if they should ever chance to be retaken. He now encouraged Durnsford to make *one effort*, who limped along supported by him. As they passed the gates of the city, they were frequently stopped; but Durnsford pronounced French like a *native*, and answering that they were returning from the market, where he had broke his leg in a scuffle, had employed his neighbour, an American, to see him to the neighbouring village. Durnsford had concealed two diamonds in his hair: by the first of these he bribed a poor carter to convey him to a village with his friend, who pretended to be dumb; the second prevailed on an old woman, in a small cottage, to give him harbour, till his fractured bone was remedied by the village surgeon.

When

When he recovered strength, himself and friend proceeded on their journey. By like artifices, and never speaking a word of English, they at last got to Boulogne. Here, by large bribes, they prevailed on a boatman to land them on the English coast.

They had scarcely attained more than half their voyage, before a vessel stopped them. The captain boarded; when he spoke to Durnsford he was compleatly deceived; but when he found that the Englishman pronounced French in so mutilated a manner, he insisted on carrying *him* back with his crew to Boulogne. Every entreaty was vain. Durnsford would willingly have shared the fate of his gallant comrade; but he murmured, "remember, I am not con-"demned to die. I have yet hope, "you none," and placed his finger on his lip in so impressive a manner, that

poor Durnsford was obliged to yield to hard necessity.

Arrived in England, he often thought with regret upon his noble-minded preserver, and vowed that if ever chance should again throw him in his way, to share with him the fortune of Christopher, a fortune more than adequate to supply the wants of both. He found his property safe in the English funds. *Here*, though still wild and romantic, he resolved to cast anchor for life. He had perceived that savage virtue could not tally with the ideas of a man who had known any thing better. It was a chimera which vanished; and observing the advantages and disadvantages of England, formed this conclusion: that if not a perfect spot, it had fewer drawbacks than any other he had either seen or read of.

It has been observed, and perhaps with

with some degree of truth, that the philosopher, who would consult nature in her simplest garb, should take the savage for his model. This opinion may hold good, as far as the physical operations of the passions are concerned. There certainly is less hypocrisy in his resentments, his feelings, and his opinions: but if he is void of the deceit of a more thinking, a more polished being, he is also void of many of his virtues. He loves his native wilds, it is true; but he loves them not with the ardour of a patriot. As far as self liberty is concerned, he would die with transport to preserve it; but he has no idea of the glorious, the enthusiastic transports, which the child of civilization has felt, in laying down his life to transmit that liberty, pure and unpolluted, to a race yet unborn. He falls

in the field of battle, and expires with the javelin in his hand, with vengeance in his eye and rancour in his heart. How different, under similar circumstances, the death of the naval hero whom Britania still laments, and whose praises fame shall bear through distant ages unimpaired. Green be the laurel ever on the tomb of the hero, the hero who expired civilised by the social feelings, whose last sigh was for his religion, his country, and his friends. Compare the bravery of the savage with courage, like this, and where will be the comparison?

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
"By all their country's wishes blest!
"When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
"Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
"She there shall dress a sweeter sod
"Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
"By forms unseen, their dirge is sung,
"There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
"To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
"And freedom shall awhile repair,
"To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

Ode written in the year 1746.—Collins.

The subject might be pursued farther but time admits it not. It is only hoped, that the intention, not the execution of the remarks, will be taken into consideration.

Many ingenious persons have mistaken ignorance for innocence, and roughness for bravery. In this idea they have cried up the tenant of the savage wild, the inhabitant of the village. In the latter, more particularly, some people suppose, that their still exists a more than pastoral innocence, a more than Arcadian simplicity. Yet it has been proved, more than once, that

envy

envy and hatred, malice and revenge, are tenants of the rude soil, as well as inhabitants of courts and cities. Charity dwells as much in the country-house of the merchant, as in the stall of the rustic. The virtues are heightened, and the vices are at least dissembled. Is dissimulation a virtue? it will be asked. No.—What is then its value? This: a man should at least avoid shocking by example. Let the drunkard confine his brutal pleasures to his own room; let him not stalk abroad to shock society, and injure the feelings of modesty by his disgusting language and appearance. Let the atheist keep his dogmas to himself, let him not hurt the respectable tenacity of others, by blasphemous conversation. Here it is that civilised man, in his worst state, is more tolerable than the savage, who free from restraint, shocks you with

his

his words and actions, whenever inclination suits or passion prompts. The man, who, in civilized society acts in this manner is no better than a savage. No better, did I say? I must, then, recal my words; the *comparison* would be doing the latter too great an injury.

Chance had brought young Durnsford acquainted with Sir George Sendon. He had long wished for a domestic partner of his fortunes and his comforts, but confessed that, since the trick he had been played by his savage beauty, he had ever been *inconstant* and *capricious*. He had taken the name of Montaval in France. In England he had now an elegant establishment and many servants, of whom poor Irish Dermot made a part. He found Miss Sendon loved another man much better than himself, it was easy,

therefore, to imagine that his ardour soon cooled.

Chance gave him a sight of Adelaide: he was charmed, he was enraptured. When he heard her name, her history, a thousand tender, long banished ideas of his poor father, rushed into his mind. He investigated circumstances, and found her the relict of his parent. He wrote to her. Startled at her *haughty manners*, he resolved to vindicate his rights, and prove himself the legal heir of the fortune to which he laid claim. What ensued is already known. The more he saw of his stepmother the more he felt interested in her behalf; and, as I have said before, he was by no means deficient in the article of generosity.

My memoirs will now soon draw towards a close. I feel that my fate cannot

not interest like that of a brother, my superior in every respect; yet the friends of female virtue may probably wish to know the lot of Adelaide, of Adelaide the ornament of her sex, whose virtues had shone out illustrious in all the trying situations of life, as daughter, wife, and widow. She had been assailed by adversity, she had supported it with dignity; she had been tempted by prosperity, and had risen superior to the trial.

Adelaide was, at this period, surprised with the unexpected arrival of her brother, from whom it was several years since she had heard. The meeting was a tender one. He had encountered many hardships, many fatigues, since they last parted. He had likewise received several wounds in the various actions in which he had been concerned. When he heard of the death

of

of Gustavus he wept bitterly. He excused his tears, by saying, they were the first he had ever shed since he had been a soldier. He had thought his heart cased, but he now found he was more weak than he had imagined. Never did he look more amiable in the eyes of his sister. "Poor old Colonel "Raynall!" he added, "it is well he "is no more; this would break his "heart."

Raynall had retired from poverty in England to a relation in the Indies, where he met with Frederick. He was ever anxious to learn the fate of my poor brother, but not knowing whither to direct had lived and died in painful uncertainty. Age and the climate had proved too much for this venerable soldier.

While the brother and sister were indulging in their sympathetic grief, Durnsford

Durnsford suddenly entered the room. Seeing company he was about to retire with a suitable apology; but as he turned his eye on Frederic, he started back several paces, exclaiming, "Good "God!"

"Mr. Montaval!" cried young Cuthbert.

"My *preserver!*" wildly answered the other.

Durnsford, with a sob of joy, clasped the young soldier to his heart.

Frederick was the very officer who had rendered so many heroic acts of friendship to Charles Durnsford. He had been cast by his military profession into most of the European countries. He had resided for some time in Spain; his letters from thence to his sister had miscarried, and twice a prisoner in France, it is needless to say, that every attempt to give her intelligence from thence would

have

have been an ineffectual effort. He had continued in bondage since his separation from his companion in a fisherman's boat, till an exchange of prisoners had just set him at liberty.

These circumstances explained, Durnsford left him greatly affected. The next morning the lawyer of Adelaide called with a writing, by which that gentleman openly renounced every sort of claim to the contested property, which he vested by deed with her and her brother, and to their heirs for ever.

My union with Adelaide succeeded to these various events. I led her to the altar with an awful, a solemn sensation. In youth we had been destined for each other: those early hopes had been defeated. At a more advanced period, we were made one for ever. What, it will be asked, could be the prospects which were to be fulfilled by

so late a marriage? I will reply; prospects of concord, unity, peace, and friendship: these expectations have each been *answered*. Free from the more turbulent passions, we were *yet* young enough to love with tenderness and esteem. We built our happiness on a foundation which has proved solid. The memory of past events sometimes saddens us, but hope shines through the cloud. Reflecting on the near and dear friends whom we have lost, we feel a tranquil glow of calm pleasure in the assurance that we shall meet again hereafter. Lord Rothvale and his Lady were present, as was also Frederic Cuthbert, at our marriage, which was celebrated by their venerable friend, Mr. Alleyn.

His Lordship now retired to his family estate in the north. Near it stood a comfortable parsonage-house. As none

of his family would suffer Mr. Alleyn to live under any other roof than their own, this parsonage-house was fitted up for Adelaide and myself. It is an old-fashioned mansion: it stands in the middle of a large garden; a pigeon-house is before it, and the white walls are almost so overgrown with ivy, that scarcely any thing of it is to be seen but the windows, where the domestic swallow builds her nest, and at the rising of day, a full chorus informs us, the sun is up, and hundreds of warblers with whirring wings, flutter forth to taste the blessing of his chearing beams. Adjoining, I have a small farm. Agriculture employs my own mind, and the pursuits of botany and the superintendance of her garden, is a pure and useful amusement for that of my Adelaide. My library is chosen by Alleyn: it is stored with useful authors; thus *furnish-*

ed, time never lags on our hands, and I sometimes exclaim, with the placid rapture of a very beautiful Italian poet

"O beato colui che in pace vive
"De i lieti campi suoi proprie cultore!
"Se ricca compagnia non hai d'intorno
"Di gemme ed ostro; nè le case ornate
"Di legni peregrin, di statue e d'oro;
"Nè le muraglie tue coperte e tinte
"Di pregiati color, di vesti aurate,
"Opre chiare e sottil di Perso ed Indo;
"Se il letto genital di regie spoglie
"E di sì bel lavor non abbia il fregio
"Da far tutta arrestar la gente ignara;
"Se non spegni la sete e toi la fame
"Con vasi antichi, in cui dubbioso sembri
"Tra bellenza e valor chi vada innante;
"Se le soglie non hai dentro e di fuore
"Di chi parte e chi vien calcate e cinte;
"Nè mille vani onor ti scorgi intorno.
"Sicuro almen nel poverello albergo,
"Che di legni vicin dal natìo bosco
"E di semplici pietre ivi entro accolte
"T'hai di tua propria man fondato e strutto,
"Con la famiglia pia t'adagi e dormi.

"Tu

"Tu non temi d'altrui forza nè inganni
"Se non del lupo, e la tua guardia è il cane,
"Il cui fedele amor non cede a prezzo.
"Qualor ti svegli all'apparir dell' alba
"Non truovi fuor chi le novelle apporte
"Di mille a i tuoi desir contrarj effetti,
"Nè camminando e stando, a te conviene
"All' altrui fatisfar più ch' al tuo core."

Contiguous to the seat of Rothvale, as before observed, lay that of Sir George Sendon. After we had dwelled there for two years, preparations were made for putting that mansion into proper order. Sir George had died abroad, and his daughter, somewhat better from the climate, was now coming to England, to arrange his affairs and take possession of his house. When she arrived, poor Juliana appeared the mournful wreck of what she had once been, and the sight of Adelaide and myself revived in her bosom sensations of

of a most melancholy nature. Grief and illness had almost worn her to a skeleton. In the converse of my wife, however, she yet found some balm for her hurt mind; and, I need not say, that the humane, the benevolent Adelaide, offered her every consolation which could be tendered by a Christian and a friend. Durnsford and his inseparable companion, young Cuthbert, were then making the tour of Ireland: they returned, however, a few months after her arrival to spend some time at our cottage.

Here Durnsford renewed his addresses to Miss Sendon. Altered as she was, there was a sweetness and placidity in her manner that charmed the mind, though it could no longer delight the eye. Miss Sendon thanked him for such a proof of his constancy, but her *heart* had been wedded to my poor brother, and

as such was the case, she looked upon herself as the *widowed* relict of all she once held dear. She had felt too ardent a passion for him, ever to be able to love any *other* man with the same tenderness, and was determined in the *grave* to be *his bride.* Mr. Alleyn gently soothed her sorrows and made life *endurable;* but her affections wandered to the happier world, where she might again be united to him who occupied her every thought. Adelaide, with great benevolence and persuasion, at last prevailed on her to live with us. Earl Rothvale made a purchase of her house for his *eldest son,* which gave him also an opportunity of making a delicate offer of it to Mr. and Mrs. Mainfort till the boy came of age; which was, in truth, making them a present of it for life. In remembrance of the acts of charity performed by herself and

Gustavus, Juliana devoted the rest of her fortune to the relief of the orphan and the wanderer. No beggar ever left her door without an alms: she enquired out the distressed, she sought for the afflicted: and these pious acts were the only solaces to a heart wounded beyond cure, a mind filled with sad recollections, and a constitution impaired by unmerited sorrows. Mrs. Mainfort turned Sendon Hall topsy-turvy. The gardens were filled with an assemblage of ill-chosen busts. One walk was what she called the *Tusculum* of Athens, this was filled with large bustos of Hercules, Adam, Petrarch, Sir Isaac Newton, Ovid, &c. Her *Latin grove* had an equal number of figures, amongst the most conspicuous of which were Demosthenes, Homer, Sir Robert Walpole, Diogenes, Dr. Johnson, Voltaire, Rousseau, and Sir Christopher Wren.

Her husband laughed at her follies, and told his long stories in comfort.

Lawrence Wilmot, still an idle young man of fashion, called on them in his tour through the north. Mrs. Mainfort, at first, refused to see the unlettered *sophist*, as she called him; but Mainfort, who had no resentment in his composition, not only over-ruled her, but introduced him to the young Earl of Rothvale, who, under that character, thought it becoming his dignity to pass over the ingratitude he had met from Lawrence, whilst he was the early companion of their days of youth. He could not, it is true, avoid an emotion of contempt for that man, who, after having passed the May of life with another, could desert him on the first symptoms of its coming winter; but, feeling his own superiority in essentials, he was above making use

of

of the superiority which *chance* had given him over his quondam acquaintance. Of the subsequent fate of this young man, and likewise of Mr. Blazon, it may be necessary to give a slight account.

Lawrence Wilmot retired for some time into the country; but as his mind was not replete with those stores, which are necessary to be carried into that seclusion, he had no resources against time and tedium; as he was too sophisticated to derive amusement from the sublime changes with which nature delights the soul really enamoured of rural joys and simple pleasures, a year brought him back again to town. Here he fluttered for many a winter, till his means and his fortunes began to be exhausted. He then commenced ogler and fortune-hunter, hoping by the capture of some rich, beautiful young wo-

 man,

man, to retrieve his shattered circumstances, and burst once more in all his original splendour upon an admiring town. These hopes, alas, were frustrated. He is now an *old beau*, and has been forced to put up with an ill tempered, peevish dowager, who brought him a little money it is true; but since this connection of interest, he has scarcely enjoyed a single moment of happiness or tranquillity: a proof of the blessed effects of avarice, and of that sort of folly thus eloquently describ-ed by Soame Jenyns.

" And yet in this so bad is his success,
" That as his fame improves, his rents grow less,
" On parchment wings, his acres take their flight,
" And his unpeopled groves admit the light;
" With his estate his interest too is done,
" His honest borough seeks a warmer sun:
" For him now cask and liquor flows no more,
" His independant voters cease to roar,

"And Britain soon must want the great defence
"Of all his honesty and eloquence;
"But that the gen'rous youth, more anxious grown
"For public liberty than for his own,
"Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone,
"And boldly, when his country is at stake,
"Braves the deep yawning gulph, like Curtius,
"for its sake.
"Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,
"He digs no longer in the exhausted mine,
"But seeks preferment as the last resort,
"Cringes each morn at levees, bows at court,
"And from the hand he hates implores support."

The fate of Mr. Blazon corresponded to the life he had been accustomed to lead. The memory of guilt poisoned every source of enjoyment in his heart. He wandered from country to country, from climate to climate, but still the never-dying worm of remorse fed upon his miserable heart. The

"Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare
"currunt,"

was never more thoroughly verified,

 than

than in the life and death of this unhappy man. Chance at length brought him to Italy. Wandering late one night he heard the cry of a female in distress: he rushed to the spot, and beheld a ruffian dragging a lady along an unfrequented alley. "Villain, forbear!" cried Blazon: at that moment he felt a weapon plunged in his bosom, and fell on the ground weltering in his blood. The lady screamed aloud; and the street was suddenly irradiated with the torches of her attendants, who had been anxiously seeking her. She flew into the arms of a young man, who appeared to be the most anxious of the groupe, exclaiming, "I am safe, my dear, "dear brother; but my preserver. . . ." "Fear not for him," groaned Blazon, "if he has rescued you from danger, "and made some retribution for the "woes

" woes he had heaped on so many of " your sex, he will die in peace."

Mr. Blazon was conveyed to the house of Signora di Rosalva. Here he learned that he had snatched the beautiful Orsina from the dagger of a bravo employed by a noble villain, who had been so enraged at the preference his mistress had shewn to a young man of inferior rank, that out of jealousy and revenge he had thus contrived her destruction. The wounds of Blazon grew worse and worse: but he found some consolation from dying in the cause of that virtue he had often injured; and at length convinced of the infinite mercy of Heaven towards the penitent, breathed his last sigh in a hope and expectation of forgiveness. Orsina di Rosalva had a tomb erected to his memory, and when she afterwards married, ordered, at her own expense, that mass should

every year be paid for the repose of the *unfortunate Englishman.*

Durnsford and young Frederick were two of those elevated spirits, who are not formed for the retirements of quietude. They were impelled to action from the ardours of their constitution, and deprived of the means of exerting this innate propensity, they would have been the most miserable of men. The situation of their country afforded an opportunity for the exertion of their energies. Chance gave them, at length, an opportunity of purchasing commissions in the same regiment, where they are now fighting, side by side, against the enemies of Great-Britain. They are held out as models for bravery, and for examples of friendship. The younger officers wish to be like them; whilst those more advanced in their professions treat them with the highest esteem

and respect, as their own proper successors, and as the men destined to uphold and maintain the dignified rank and the characteristical gentility of conduct, which ought ever to exalt the officers in his Majesty's service.

Time has, in some degree, soothed the sorrors of poor Juliana Sendon; but the deep traces of woe are still discernable on her countenance, still evident in her actions. Her steady piety prevents her from sinking under her afflictions; but it is still evident, that she would not grieve to be dismissed to a happier world, where *only* she can cherish the hope of being for ever united to her lamented, her much loved Gustavus.

My own beloved Adelaide is a great favourite with every one in the circle of her acquaintance, but with the worthy Mr. Alleyn in particular, who, whenever

ever the thoughts of my father or my brother cloud my brow with sadness, solemnly conjures me to weigh my portion of evil with my lot of good. "The "calamities of life have some counter-"balance," he exclaims, "when a "man is, like Mowbray Landford, "possessed of a woman, who has "proved her virtues in the three ar-"duous situations of life, and never "once shrunk from her duties, either "as a *Maid*, a *Wife*, or a *Widow*."

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE.

My melancholy narrative is now concluded. May it evince, that in the hour of affliction, the cry of nature pleads with equal force in the bosoms of the younger, as well as the elder branches of a family, and that he who neglects the *one* for the *other*, knows not but that he may be wounding an object, who, like Gustavus, would yield up life (and all that makes life dear to man) for the welfare, happiness, and honour of his parent.

THE END.

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